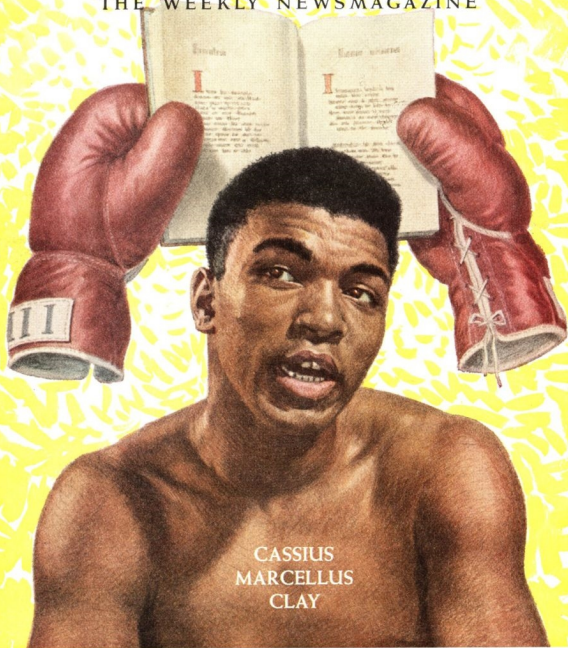


TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chelidze

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

The Quare Fellow. Brendan Behan, like most Irishmen, laughs hardest when he hurts worst, and in this movie version of his first successful play he laughs at the way men are made to live, and condemned to die, in an average Irish prison.

To Kill a Mockingbird. The Pulitzer Prize novel by Harper Lee, which was always just a mite too cute for words, has been made into a cinemadrama of remarkable charm—some of it supplied by the hero (Gregory Peck), most of it by three gumptious young 'uns (Mary Badham, Phillip Alford, John Megna).

The Trial. Orson Welles presents Kafka in chiaroscuro, an adaptation filled with wondrous Wellesian camera work, spectacularly haunting sets, and a troupe of actors who try to outdo themselves and—in some instances—end up by being undone.

Term of Trial. Sir Laurence Olivier matches skills with Simone Signoret; as a miserable married couple they make a sad little mess and a good little movie of their lives.

Love and Larceny. Vittorio Gassman is a gasser in a grab bag of disguises, ends up as a con man conned *con amore*.

A Child Is Waiting. What is it like to be a mental defective? This film calmly inspects this major disaster area (there are 5,700,000 defectives in the U.S.), and makes some surprising recommendations. Burt Lancaster, Judy Garland and Bruce Ritzke play the leads with distinction.

Days of Wine and Roses. An old-fashioned but effective diatribe against Demon Rum, in which Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick serve impressively as the object lessons.

David and Lisa. Love is a light to the sick as well as the sane, and in this painful and beautiful film it lights the lives of two psychotic children and gives them hope that somehow they may be healed.

Lawrence of Arabia. The best spectacle since *Ben-Hur*.

Night Is My Future. In 1947, when he made this burningly romantic little picture, Ingmar Bergman was already telling one of his simple tales of lovers, and he told it with all his art.

TELEVISION

Thursday, March 21

Première (ABC, 10-11 p.m.).* Salome Jens and Patrick O'Neal in an adaptation of Lawrence Durrell's novel, *The Dark Labyrinth*.

Friday, March 22

The Jack Paar Program (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Guests include Senator Goldwater.

Saturday, March 23

Wide World of Sports (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). A.A.U. swimming and diving championships, from New Haven, Conn.

National Invitation Tournament (NBC, 6-7:30 p.m.). College basketball from Manhattan's Madison Square Garden.

Sunday, March 24

The Death of a Virus (CBS, 4-5 p.m.). A CBS public service special about mea-

sles, stressing that a serious case of measles can leave children retarded, deaf and blind—and that a safe and effective vaccine is available. The measles season begins with the spring.

Update (NBC, 5-5:30 p.m.). Robert Abernethy's news program for teen-agers.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). The Soviet Union's *Lomonosov*, the best-equipped and largest oceanographic vessel in the world, pips aboard the cameras of CBS for a permitted look around. Also, the program shows the work of patrol planes keeping watch on Russian travelers in the North Atlantic.

Marilyn Monroe (ABC, 9:30-10 p.m.). A short TV biography narrated by Mike Wallace.

Monday, March 25

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Class D baseball in the U.S., the life and bus rides of a ball club, as exemplified by the Salem Rebels.

Tuesday, March 26

The Tall American—Gary Cooper (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). One of NBC's Project 20 portraits, using news films, home movies, and feature film sequences. Project 20 usually hits a high standard.

Chet Huntley Reporting (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Huntley goes to Scotland to visit the No. 1 Huntley, head of the Huntley clan—and presumably Glenlivet up.

THEATER

On Broadway

Photo Finish, by Peter Ustinov. Looking like a cross between a grumpy polar bear and tipsy Greek philosopher, Ustinov plays an 80-year-old confronting his on-stage 60-, 40-, and 20-year-old selves. His comic mugging and artful directing help the play to skate with deceptive ease over the thin ice of his own script.

The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore, by Tennessee Williams, raises the specter of death before a coarse, clownish and gallant old woman, magnificently played by Hermione Baddeley, and conjures up the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil before a Christ figure whom Paul Robeson makes as real as this strange allegory will permit.

Little Me welds song, dance and gag with high-precision skill in this musical-comical saga of Belle Poirine. Sid Caesar, clown supreme, stokes the evening with steady laughter.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? by Edward Albee, is the play that gets on more people's tongues and under more people's skins than any other current Broadway offering. Arthur Hill and Uta Hagen are shatteringly good as a sterile couple who savage each other in a night-long bout of wit, alcohol and cruelty.

Beyond the Fringe is an explosion of literate joy. A demolition crew of four antic, articulate young Englishmen blow up any number of civilization's idols.

Off Broadway

The Tiger and The Typists, by Murray Schisgal. *The Tiger* claws through many a cliché in the glib lexicon of a duo of self-proclaimed nonconformists. In one symbolic day, *The Typists* rattles the keys of mortality in the deaf ears of a pair of

office workers. Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson dominate these one-acters with verve and virtuosity.

The Dumbwaiter and The Collection are superior theater-going gifts from Britain's greatly gifted Harold Pinter. These one-acters intertwine menace, hilarity, and the lunatic ambiguities of language itself in modern parables that make meaning mysterious, and mystery meaningful.

BOOKS

Best Reading

That Summer in Paris, by Morley Callaghan. The Canadian novelist reminisces about some old pals, notably Fitzgerald and Hemingway, in the Montparnasse of the 1920s, when every Tom, Scott and Ezra thought he was a writer of genius.

V., by Thomas Pynchon. A likable, mad and unfathomable first novel about a beatnik's search for the meaning of V.—which could stand for Venezuela or Vesuvius or almost anything else in the dream country of the hero's past.

The Ordeal of Change, by Eric Hoffer. President Eisenhower's favorite philosopher argues in these essays that history is a constant—and constantly fruitful—tussle between the intellectuals and the masses.

Lawrence Durrell and Henry Miller, A Private Correspondence. In an exchange of letters that crackled back and forth for nearly 25 years, the two novelists speak with wit, wisdom and dedication about the practice of their careers.

The Second Stone, by Leslie Fiedler. In this boisterous first novel of love in Rome, the author-critic puts into fictional form one of his pet literary theories: the eternal antagonism between the artist as true rebel and the artist as public entertainer.

Voltaire and the Calas Case, by Edna Nixon. Voltaire's memory is well served in this account of how the great skeptic roused Europe against France's execution of an innocent Huguenot.

The Party, by Rudolph von Abele. At a grand and lurid party, a decent German soldier—symbolizing humanitarians everywhere—is thoroughly corrupted by an immensely attractive and utterly unscrupulous Nazi warlord.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour—An Introduction,** Salinger (2, last week)
2. **Seven Days in May,** Knebel and Bailey (1)
3. **The Sand Pebbles,** McKenna (3)
4. **Fail-Safe,** Burdick and Wheeler (4)
5. **\$100 Misunderstanding,** Gower (6)
6. **The Moon-Spinners,** Stewart (5)
7. **A Shade of Difference,** Drury (7)
8. **The Moonflower Vine,** Carleton
9. **Triumph,** Wylie (8)
10. **The Cape Cod Lighter,** O'Hara (9)

NONFICTION

1. **Travels with Charley,** Steinbeck (1)
2. **Happiness Is a Warm Puppy,** Schulz (2)
3. **Final Verdict,** St. Johns (3)
4. **O Ye Jigs & Juleps!** Hudson (4)
5. **The Whole Truth and Nothing But,** Hopper (5)
6. **The Points of My Compass,** White (6)
7. **The Fall of the Dynasties,** Taylor (9)
8. **Silent Spring,** Carson (7)
9. **The Fire Next Time,** Baldwin
10. **My Life in Court,** Nizer (10)

* All times E.S.T.

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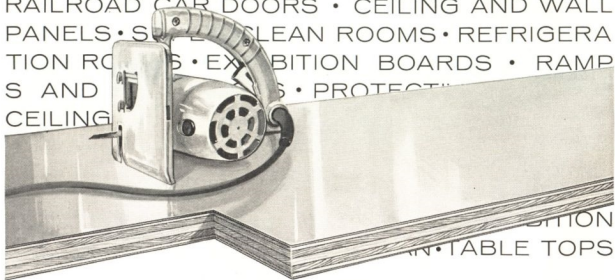
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price, optional with dealer—for Harper, not shown. (Bridgeport model shown.) Slightly higher some areas West, South. UHF optional extra. Price, specifications subject to change.

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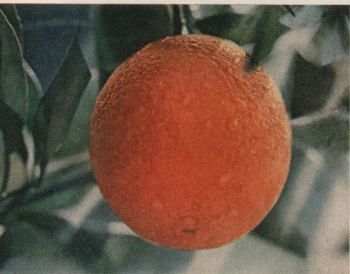
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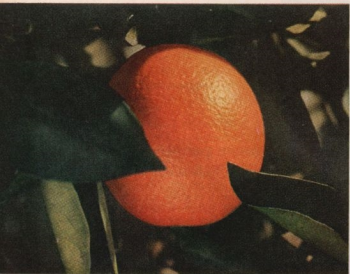
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LETTERS

Clout in Chicago

Sir: Congratulations on your fine cover story and pictures re Chicago [March 15]. You hit us where we have it coming, and also give us our bouquets.

Thank you for the fair treatment.
ED J. WOLF

Chicago

Sir: I demand specific retraction of TIME's irresponsible assertion regarding Catholic motivation in the cover story on Mayor Richard J. Daley. Your line, "Daley's own Roman Catholic Church mounted campaigns against many of his projects," is substantiated only by the Hyde Park controversy. Your explicit attribution of racial-exclusion motives to the church's fictional opposition to urban renewal is a gross and inexcusable calumny upon the Catholic Church and upon the person of Albert Cardinal Meyer.

The attitude of the Catholic Church in Chicago is clear from the record. In your flippant assessment of motivation, your researchers failed in both the courtesy and the obligation to consult church officials who were involved in the Hyde Park controversy. Your researchers likewise failed to consult Peter Rossi's study of the Hyde Park controversy, *Politics of Urban Renewal*. Publication of unresearched, undocumented and unfounded libel upon the Catholic Church in a magazine of national circulation is a serious breach of press responsibility and, unless effectively corrected, stands as a reflection upon the integrity of TIME.

MSGR. JOHN J. EGAN
Director of the Archdiocesan
Conservation Council

Chicago

► *Time*, realizing the heat of the controversy, neither intended nor perpetrated calumny or libel. It respects Msgr. Egan's position, regrets his anger, and stands by its story.—Ed.

Sir: While local parishes may take conflicting positions, as they are reported to have done, in the difficult but imperative situation that surrounded the University of Chicago, Cardinal Meyer and his staff have been leaders in seeking equal rights for the Negro, including the difficult problem of housing. In fact, this was the subject of the cardinal's first major public pronouncement after coming to Chicago five years ago, when he said in part: "We must have community organization to ensure that Negroes do gain access to our communities..."

GEORGE F. SISLER
President

The Council of Protestant Churches
Chicago

Sir: I moved from Chicago three years ago and never realized, until your cover article on the city, how much I'd missed it. Thank you for showing its personality and individuality, and not once calling it the "Windy City."

TOBY R. SIMON

East Orange, N.J.

Sir: TIME, March 15, states: "Most beautiful waterfront of any U.S. city belongs to Chicago." Have you heard of Honolulu's?

WILLIAM H. EWING
Editor

Honolulu Star Bulletin
Honolulu, Hawaii

Acumen in the Womb

Sir: As the only Marwari student at Michigan State University, I was pleasantly surprised by your article "The New Crorepathis" [March 1].

The accuracy of your quote, "A Marwari gets business acumen in his mother's womb," can be proved in my own case. After pursuing an engineering curriculum for more than three years, I am now studying business administration as a fulltime student. In my spare time, I run a rooming house for students and sell magazines.

Despite the obvious shortcomings of Marwaris, I am proud to be one of them.
SHRIKUMAR PODDAR

East Lansing, Mich.

Voyage to Venus

Sir: Thank you, thank you for the clear, sharp reporting in your "Voyage to the Morning Star" [March 8].

For one who lives far outside the charmed circle of space scientists, it was like a peek into a room full of unimagined wonders; the most wonderful of all is that man has become so smart.

If any one effort can be said to be doing the most toward bridging the gap in our civilization between science and the humanities (so deposed by Mr. C. P. Snow), it surely must be the writing of TIME's science articles.

MARIE B. CHASE

Chula Vista, Calif.

Sir: I was particularly pleased to read your story on Dr. William Pickering. He is a modest and dedicated man and certainly one of our outstanding scientists.

The excellence of the piece, however, was badly marred by the observation, "He hurried to Washington and hollered at Army generals, urging them to demand permission to launch the satellite. He waved his finger and banged on desks," etc. In the first place, Dr. Pickering's quiet modesty and intelligence are such that he never has had to resort to banging on desks and hollering, and in the second place your reporting is far from factual.

Dr. Pickering reported to me in the Pentagon, and I can assure you that we were literally turning heaven and earth to get approval for the launching of a satellite. I was finally given a written order by the Secretary of Defense over a year before Sputnik went up forbidding me to launch a satellite. I still have the order in my posses-

sion. I think that the record is quite clear that those to whom you refer in the article were well aware of the importance of a satellite launching.

JAMES M. GAVIN

Cambridge, Mass.

► *Pickering may not have pounded within earshot of General Gavin, but pound he did.*—Ed.

Sir: Considering all the recent news interest in another Renaissance Italian lady, Mme. Giocconda, the *Mona Lisa*, I must congratulate you on your choice of Mme. Simonetta Vespucci's features to portray Venus. The expression of her eyes has always struck me far more than the former's smirk.

BURTON WRIGHT

St. Joseph, Mo.

Sir: A few months ago, Venusian scientists launched a compact bundle of sophisticated space instruments called Earth Explorer II into an orbit that approached Earth within 21,000 miles.

Following is the report of the Jupiter-Pluto Laboratories, known as JPL, which was the Government agency responsible for the exploration:

"Earth appears to be a dead and decaying planet, quite incapable of supporting any kind of life.

"Our telemetry equipment reported back to us that Earth is surrounded by a hostile atmosphere which is stabilized to a remarkable degree. Even in the upper atmosphere, winds do not attain a speed greater than about 200 m.p.h., while at the surface the winds appear to move at from 5 to 10 or 20 m.p.h. Thus any creatures living on this cold planet would remain more or less rooted to one spot, instead of flying through the atmosphere at our constant and comfortable speed of 800 m.p.h.

"A spectroscope aboard Earth Explorer II tells us that Earth's atmosphere is composed of a deadly compound made up of oxygen and carbon dioxide. In addition, the majority of the surface of Earth bears a peculiar liquid, chemically H₂O, which is a deadly poison.

"Another startling fact revealed to us by closeup radio telescope pictures is that the light rays from the sun actually penetrate to the surface of Earth, bathing it in sunlight. I don't have to tell you how dangerous this is to life.

"Now we come to the most difficult hurdle to life of all—the rotation of the planet. Any creatures living on Earth must be in a constant state of dizziness. The planet whirls around at a rate 265 times faster than our own planet!

"One final point before we lay to rest

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forever the myth of life on Earth. Our telemetry equipment noted a very faint residue of radiation in the upper atmosphere, which might point to a series of explosions, thought to be thermonuclear in origin. These explosions were of the type that were developed by our forebears about 200,000 years ago and abandoned as being too dangerous to our continued existence. The explosions noted were, however, far punier and feebler than our own.

"Some of the younger men of the JPL staff wondered whether this didn't evidence a kind of intelligent life on Earth. But JPL's considered judgment is that any creatures intelligent enough to have developed even so feeble an explosive force would be intelligent enough to see its potential dangers."

ERNEST TRICOMI

Haddonfield, N.J.

The New Leader

Sir:

TIME's necessary effort to condense a complicated argument sometimes results in a vulgarization or caricature of a statement. I did not, in the *New Leader* (as reported in *Press*, March 1), accuse the International Ladies Garment Workers Union of "anti-Negro bias." I do not believe this to be the case at all.

What I did say was that in the I.L.G.W.U., as in many similar institutions, an aging leadership no longer reflected the composition of the membership; and the unwillingness of that leadership to retire—an understandable unwillingness since the leadership had built the institution—resulted in disparities in the union.

Actually, the I.L.G.W.U. has sought to recruit a leadership from its Negro members, but in many instances such individuals have found that their new skills have allowed them to go to higher-paying and higher-status jobs in Government and in other unions.

DANIEL BELL

Columbia University
New York City

O, Where Are the Crackpots?

Sir:

Time is taking all the fun out of life. First you tell me that the American Communist Party is 10% FBI men. Then you announce that the second funniest organization in the U.S., the Society for Indecency to Naked Animals, is a hoax [March 15]. Are there no serious, dedicated crackpots left?

DOUG HOYLMAN

Cambridge, Mass.

Auto Armor

Sir:

Your article concerning seat belts [March 8] has interesting possibilities. You inform us that beltmakers are urging two to six belts per car, then adding harnesses for children and shoulder straps for adults. Why not head straps and straitjackets? The beltmakers could even engineer a contrivance whereby the driver is actually welded to his seat. The ultimate is ominously, appallingly and relentlessly apparent: a revival of the medieval iron maiden.

EDWIN PETERSON

Rockford, Ill.

Sir:

Your picture of the young lady in the overturned car brought back a rather vivid memory for me. In April 1956 I found myself in an identical position, without a seat belt and with my car all but submerged in the icy American River. If I had had a seat

belt on, I would undoubtedly have drowned, as I was unconscious. After somehow floating up through seat, steering wheel, etc., I came to, got out of the car, and made my way to the road without suffering so much as a scratch.

You would not have caught me dead in a seat belt until early this year, when it was my misfortune to witness a head-on collision at 80 m.p.h. Five people were critically injured; none were wearing belts. Now I would not drive to the corner grocery without my belt on.

ROBERTA WEISS

San Francisco

Corbu at Harvard

Sir:

Le Corbusier (March 8) has created a harmony between Harvard University and its surroundings. Harvard Yard is now a junkyard, in conformity with the sleazy slum of Cambridge, Mass., in which it is located.

L. B. DUMONT

Los Angeles

Sir:

As an amateur photographer and as a student who attends lectures (on history of American architecture) twice weekly in the celebrated Corbu Visual Arts Center, I must commend J. Alex Langley on the excellence of his photographs of this sadly cramped building.

Thanks to his masterful pictures, we can finally view the center from its fairest angles and see the beauty we all hoped was there!

ANDREA S. MILLER

Radcliffe College
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

I read your issue of March 8, 1963, which includes an article in your own style on the Harvard Visual Arts Center.

I am asking you now to be good enough to send me the photographs that you reproduced, and any others of the same building which were not printed. I think that you will do me this service, and I thank you in advance.

Please accept, sir, my sincerest greetings.
LE CORBUSIER

► They're on the way.—Ed.

Grandfather's Gaffe

Sir:

Just to make me feel worse after reading the Eastman Kodak success story [March 8], I am giving you my idea of what the \$4,000 my grandfather was considering investing in Eastman Kodak in 1890 (he decided on Kansas City real estate instead, and the city moved in the opposite direction) would be worth today?

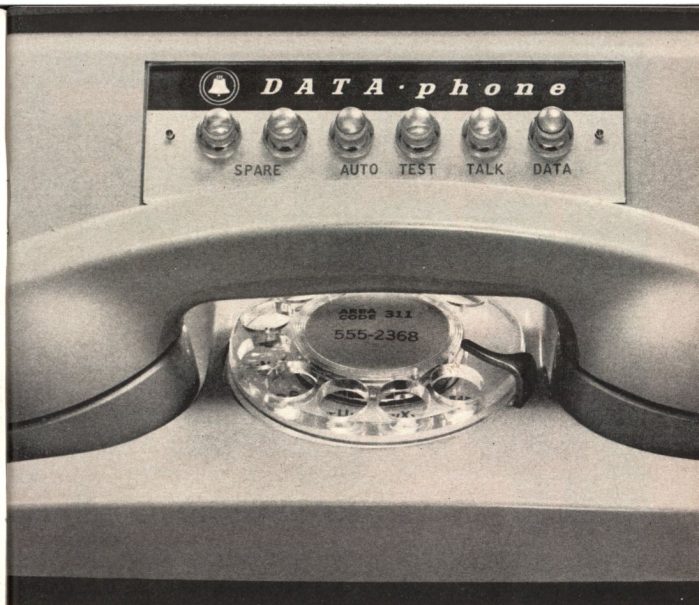
ALBERT M. LEACH

New York City

► More than \$5 million.—Ed.

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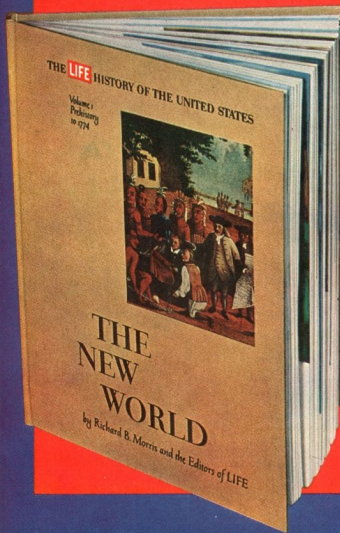
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CENTINENTS just sit there by the centuries, while across their terrains crops grow, peoples wax and wane, and nations struggle. Sometimes even the slowest of continents quickens into the news: Africa's burst of independence three years ago made it something more than a locale for Hemingway movies, and the Middle East region, so volatile in the mid-'50s, is becoming so again. Journalistically, it is increasingly the turn of Latin America. For too many years that area was ignored by many *Vanguys*, who regarded it as a place inhabited by an undistinguishably homogeneous group of Latins. In President Kennedy's estimation, it is "the most critical area in the world today."

TIME has been publishing Latin American edition in English since 1947, in which, besides all the news published in the U.S. edition, extra Latin American coverage was added. Lately we have decided that so widespread is the interest, and so important is the need to know, that we have added more Latin American news to all our editions. Readers may have noticed that in recent weeks our Hemisphere section, which in the past was often confined to one page, now runs to two or three. We have six fulltime and 28 part-time correspondents in Latin America, and we expect that attentive TIME readers, as opposed to most Americans, should easily be able to pass a quiz identifying the nationality of such names as Rómulo Betancourt, João Goulart, François Duvalier, Jânio Quadros, Arturo Frondizi, Víctor Raúl Haya de la Torre, López Mateos and Cártilinas. Or can you?

WHEN Correspondent Nick Timmesch moved to our New York City bureau after stints in Detroit and Washington, he could reasonably count on spending his time covering Governor Rockefeller, politics, and an occasional concert or art gallery opening.

In practice, Thimmesch has been doing a little bit of everything, from



NICK THIMMESCH

cover research on his old Detroit friend, Architect Minoru Yamasaki, to Labor Leader Bert Powers and the New York newspaper strike. And a lot of his time has been spent detailing the anonymous urban frictions of race and poverty. One day last week, at the urging of Senior Editor George Daniels, he set to work to report on Cassius Marcellus Clay for this week's cover story by Sport Editor Charles Parniter.

It wasn't exactly unfamiliar territory to Thimmesch. He and Clay go to know each other the night of the Liston-Patterson fight, when they afterward went out on the town together — as much as one can with a 21-year-old fellow who doesn't drink and stays away from foxes (his name for the girls).

Back in his Detroit days, Thimmesch used to spend his spare time judging boxing matches, earned his professional license, and in one close fight between Sugar Ray Robinson and Wilfie Greaves gave the decision to Sugar Ray by one point.

Thimmesch spent so many hours last week before and after the fight with Clay that he no longer had to suspect that some publicity man must be making up Clay's vivid quotes. He ended the week helping out with the cooking in Clay's Louisville bachelor quarters, and enjoying himself on "the kind of assignment you don't have to concentrate on, just endure—just keeping up with the man."

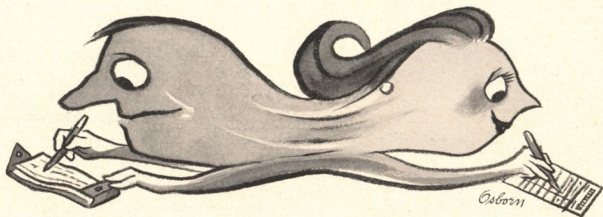
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THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Climate of San José

Armed with a thick black notebook crammed with facts about Central America, President Kennedy prepared to fly this week to San José, the tree-shaded capital city on Costa Rica's central plateau. In the city's massive National Theater building, he was to spend three days in conference with six Central American Presidents, underlining again his expressed belief that Latin America is "the most critical area in the world today."

Costa Rica is a congenial site for such a conference. With only two successful armed uprisings in this century, far below par for Caribbean nations, its elections are so free that since 1948 the opposition party has won every time. As a whole, Central America has responded smartly to U.S. prodding toward economic cooperation. Its own Common Market includes Costa Rica, El Salvador, Honduras, Guatemala and Nicaragua, which have knocked out 95% of the restrictive tariffs that existed between them. It has set up an effective regional bank and has made some 54,000 agricultural loans.

Cutting the Line. Kennedy expected to praise his presidential peers for such efforts and make a few suggestions for further progress. But by far the most serious talks would revolve around ways to check the subversive activities of Communist Cuba. The specific U.S. aim—to

be pushed by Secretary of State Dean Rusk, Assistant Secretary for Inter-American Affairs Edwin Martin and Alliance for Progress Coordinator Teodoro Moscoso—is to cut the travel line to Cuba. At present, almost any Latin American can travel to Mexico on a regular passport, pick up special papers there to fly to Havana, then return home as a trained Red agent.

The problem of Cuba-spawned subversion is, of course, one for all of Latin America. Although Mexico seems unconcerned, responsible leaders in many of the other nations realize that the Soviet presence in Cuba is a bigger threat to them than to the U.S. Their growing willingness to do something about it is, from the U.S. viewpoint, one of many encouraging signs in Latin America. The trend is such that one overenthusiastic State Department official last week crowed: "I defy anyone to find any year in the last 150 when so much progress has taken place in Latin America."

Certainly, there is more stability. Only in Argentina did a constitutional government fall last year by military coup—and the army there now promises to hold elections this June. Peru's rejuggled junta is also steadfast in its election promises. Venezuela's Rómulo Betancourt seems destined to become that nation's first freely elected President to serve a full term. And the Dominican Republic has held its first free election in 38 years.

Economically, the combined gross national product in Latin America rose by roughly 5% in 1962, and some \$200 million in private U.S. capital is flowing into the area annually. Last year this was offset by the fact that investors staged a massive withdrawal from Venezuela. But now, reflecting faith in the stability of the Betancourt government, they are starting to put money back in. Most investors seemed reconciled to the fact that the days of the fast, fat return are over and that long-range, better-protected returns are likely. This should help eliminate the frequent monetary crises of Latin American nations.

Tougher on Taxes. There is also evidence of a new spirit of fiscal responsibility by individual governments. Chile, for the first time in its history, is prosecuting a tax evasion case and has a tax reform bill pending in its Congress. Democratic and long-stable Uruguay instituted a personal income tax, increased its corporate tax two years ago, saw its revenues jump 22% last year. Argentina has added 200,000 residents to its tax rolls. Brazil's leftist President João Goulart not only is prodding his tax collectors, too, but is trying seriously to cut his federal budget and check inflation. His finance minister, San Thiago Dantas, came to Washington last week and, instead of begging for new loans, asked merely for more time to repay old ones (see HEMISPHERE).

Land reform is making progress, how-



SAN JOSÉ'S NATIONAL THEATER BUILDING
A congenial site for serious conversation about a critical area.

ever slowly. Some 55,000 families have been given 3,000,000 acres in Venezuela. In Chile, where about 70% of all productive land is held by 5% of the landowners, an agrarian reform law has been enacted, is gradually being enforced. Bolivia has distributed some 6,500,000 acres to 58,000 families. Even Paraguay's Dictator General Alfredo Stroessner has granted land titles to more than 10,000 squatters.

Just how much of Latin America's advance can be attributed to President Kennedy's celebrated Alliance for Progress is doubtful, since that amorphous program seems to mean something different to each Latin American official. But by its mere expression of U.S. interest, it undoubtedly has contributed a measure of psychological lift.

One Hard Fact. Perhaps more effective has been Kennedy's insistence that Latin American nations earn their U.S. grants

ARMED FORCES Fighting Bob

For a man with a computer's correctness, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara certainly kicks up a lot of controversy. The Air Force, the Navy, the Joint Chiefs, Great Britain, Charles de Gaulle, many U.S. Governors and the Congress—he has fought them all. Last week Fighting Bob was at it again.

First he got mad at Arkansas Democrat John McClellan's Senate Subcommittee on Investigations. The group was looking into McNamara's choice of General Dynamics Corp. for a \$6 billion-plus contract to build a new fighter aircraft, the TFX, for the Air Force and the Navy. Washington's Democratic Senator Henry ("Scoop") Jackson had called Deputy Defense Secretary Roswell Gilpatric to explain that the voters back home—who will get a crack at Jack-

Namara's foot-in-mouth press secretary, Arthur Sylvester, told newsmen: "Obviously you will hardly get a judicial rendering by a committee in which there are various Senators with state self-interest in where the contract goes." Sylvester later apologized, submitted to a grilling behind the committee's closed doors.

Civilian Dictation. About the same time, another McNamara decision—his refusal to speed production of the RS-70 supersonic reconnaissance bomber—came under fire on the House floor. Declared Illinois' Leslie Arends, ranking Republican on the House Armed Services Committee: "We have in fact, if not in name, a single chief of staff in Secretary of Defense McNamara. While we provided in the Unification Act for civilian control of our armed forces—and it is essential to our form of government that we have such control—we never for a moment thought that civilian control would become civilian dictation of military planning."

Aroused, McNamara fired back in an appearance before the Advertising Council, meeting in Washington. Said he: "It is true that out of the military budget submitted to me, formally recommended by the chiefs of the services and the service Secretaries, of the \$67 billion recommended, I took out \$14 billion, and I have no apology for it. If I did not do it, who is going to do it? The man who made the attack in the Congress—who stated I was a dictator—is the ranking minority member of the committee that is adding \$1.1 billion to this budget."

On that, McNamara was about right. The House last week voted to authorize an extra \$364 million for the RS-70, even though it has no way to force McNamara to spend the money. It added \$134 million for two nuclear-powered attack submarines beyond the six McNamara had requested.* And the Armed Services Committee has recommended adding \$600 million to the military pay bill.

At week's end McNamara flew to the Boeing plant in Seattle. Greeted by Boeing President William M. Allen, he looked over the Air Force's space-glider project, Dyna-Soar, amid rumors that it was having technical difficulties and might be scrapped. McNamara also inspected the Gemini two-man space project of NASA in Houston, which seems to overlap Dyna-Soar in some respects. But he apparently had had enough fuses for one week. Pentagon officials said that McNamara will make no final decision on whether to kill Dyna-Soar or merge the two projects—either of which would deeply wound both Boeing and the Air Force—for another six months.



BOEING PRESIDENT ALLEN & McNAMARA

The computer punched and punched and then stopped—for a while.

by self-improvement deeds, along with such action as his order to knock the irresponsible government of Haiti off the U.S. aid list. Assistant Secretary Martin's sharp direction of the State Department's dealings with Latin America has helped, as has the plain talk of several able U.S. ambassadors in the hemisphere.

Every hope for continued progress, however, runs smack into the hard fact of Cuba. Nikita Khrushchev's thrust into that island turned Fidel Castro from a hero to a puppet in many of Latin America. When Kennedy forced Khrushchev to retrieve his long-range missiles and bombers, respect for the U.S. soared. Yet much of that has been dissipated by the realization that Cuba's potential for troublemaking in the hemisphere is still growing. That threat alone meant that there would be much worth talking about at the Presidents' meeting in San José.

son next year—expected an investigation, since Seattle-based Boeing Airplane had lost the contract. But Jackson said the probe would be brief and friendly.

Undermining Integrity. Then the subcommittee began releasing testimony which claimed that McNamara had overruled his military evaluation experts in awarding the contract to G.D. Witnesses said that Boeing had bid lower to produce a plane that would perform better. Before submitting a 32-page statement to the subcommittee, McNamara protested in a public letter to McClellan. Wrote McNamara: "The fragmentary releases of portions of the testimony of witnesses who themselves are only familiar with part of the considerations underlying the decision have needlessly undermined public confidence in the integrity and judgment of the highest officials of the Department of Defense." Moreover, Mc-

* In a curious voting ritual, a \$15.8 billion authorization (only a fraction of the overall defense budget) for military hardware for 1964 was voted upon twice in the House. First, the additional funds for the RS-70 were approved, 226-179. Then an across-the-board cut of \$800 million was rejected, 258-149. In the overlap, 69 Congressmen availed themselves of the opportunity to vote both for increased defense and decreased spending.

The Army Takes to the Air

The angry Air Force general had a few words for the Army: "They're after our mission—and they're just using this air-mobility line to get it."

He had in mind an extensive test at Fort Benning, Ga., that has touched off one of the most bitter interservice squabbles in months. In it, the Army's newly created 11th Airborne Assault Division, and eventually some 15,000 men, will check the feasibility of a plan initiated by Defense Secretary Robert McNamara to increase the mobility and striking power of ground troops—mainly by getting them off the ground.

Under the plan, the Army division will have aircraft designed to move into the field with the troops: the Mohawk, a light observation plane equipped for day or night reconnaissance; the Chinook and the Iroquois, heavy-duty helicopters that can carry combat squads; and the Caribou, a 150-m.p.h. transport plane that can haul up to 32 men. The choppers will be armed with machine guns and 2.75-in. rockets; the Mohawk observation planes may carry conventional bomb racks and napalm as well.

Leap Overland. In theory, the Mohawks would sweep low over the battle area to seek out the enemy troops. Guided by information from the Mohawks, the U.S. soldiers organized into the Air Cavalry Troop (so named because its function is similar to the deep penetration and surveillance missions of oldtime horse brigades) would leap over rivers, hills and forests in their choppers, land in strategic striking spots. As they attacked, the aircraft would support them with airborne firepower. The whole operation would be directed by the troop commanders, thus providing close air-ground coordination in battle.

The Army is enthusiastic about the plan. Army Secretary Cyrus Vance already considers the concept historic in its potential. "If the history of warfare shows one constant," he says, "it is that victory on the battlefield goes to the side that can best maneuver and employ its firepower. This has been demonstrated by Caesar and his legions, by Genghis Khan, by Stonewall Jackson in his valley campaign." Similarly, Lieut. General Dwight Beach, chief of Army Research and Development, rates the experiment as significant as "the introduction of the first tank and chemical warfare in World War I or the Panzer-Stuka team used by the Germans in World War II."

Shooting Ducks. The Air Force is having no part of such talk. Air Force Secretary Eugene M. Zuckert protested the plan in a letter to McNamara. An Air Force general describes the Army plan in one word: "Hogwash." Says another: "These Army guys want to create a whole new olive-drab air force of their own. It's ridiculous." Declares still another: "We're not against the Army's being air mobile, but you sure can't land soldiers right on top of an armed enemy. Shooting a helicopter is like shooting ducks."



ZUCKERT



U.S. CHOPPER IN SOUTH VIET NAM



VANCE



THE IROQUOIS

The Air Force snorted; but the cavalry kept on flying.



THE MOHAWK

Both sides point to U.S. experiments with helicopters in the Viet Nam fighting to bolster their cases. The Army notes that its aviation units flew more than 50,000 sorties last year, lost only four choppers to enemy ground fire. The Air Force argues that this is no test, since the Viet Cong have only 30-cal. machine guns to fire at planes. At that, says the Air Force, the Army has had to call for Air Force help to get out of a number of tight spots. Claiming that their ground support has proved efficient in combat, Air Force brass also cites history, quotes Army General Douglas MacArthur as saying in 1951: "The support that our tactical air has given to our ground troops in Korea has perhaps never been equaled in the history of modern war."

As undeterred as usual, McNamara is going ahead with the Fort Benning test. But the argument is just beginning. For after the results of the experiment are in, Air Force experts will sit in on the evaluation panel—and undoubtedly will try to show that the Air Force could have done the same job better. The Army, meanwhile, seems unworried. It recently announced that 18-year-olds can enlist in the Army and be assigned directly to flight training.

DASH IT ALL!

The Navy, turning to a new use of helicopters, is equipping each of its 250-odd destroyers with two unmanned, remote-controlled choppers to attack submarines. Developed by Long Island's Gyrodyne Co. of America, Inc., the 1,600-lb., all-weather, buglike aircraft can lift off a destroyer, reach sonar-detected subs as far as 15 miles away, unleash two homing torpedoes and land back on the ship—all at the electronic command of ship-board officers. Called DASH (Drone Anti-Submarine Helicopter), the system is designed to strike submarines before they get within torpedo range of the destroyers.

HISTORICAL NOTES

The Valet's View

Any official preparing drafts of presidential pronouncements may well know the mind of the Chief Executive better than any member of his Cabinet, for the dialogue between the two is boundless. But the weight of the aide's role is easily exaggerated . . . All that Dwight Eisenhower chose to "wear" in public belonged to him, not to any valet or tailor of his language. And in this spirit I shall so report it.

And so he does.

No man, perhaps, is a hero to his valet. But in *The Ordeal of Power*, Journalist Emmet John Hughes uses his experiences as an Eisenhower speechwriter to strip not only Ike but almost everyone around him as well.

Hughes, 42, is a former TIME-LIFE correspondent, was political adviser to New York's Nelson Rockefeller from March 1960 to last January, is now a columnist for *Newsweek* and the *Washington Post*. In his own politics, he says, he shares "the views and spirit of the Christian Democratic Left in Western Europe," and if he had ever voted in a national election before 1952, he would have voted for Democratic presidential candidates.

Down in the Diary. Yet, seven weeks before the 1952 election, Hughes became a speechwriter for Republican Eisenhower. Why, believing as he did, did he take the job? Hughes's reason is circuitous: "I believed the essential vigor of the nation's two-party system to stand in clear and present danger . . . In 1952, for the life of the two-party system, it was 'time for a change.' But I thought this change essential—paradoxically—less by reason of the faults so loudly imputed to Democrats, too long in power, than by reason of the political follies so willfully practiced by Republicans, too long in exile."

After Eisenhower's election, Hughes



HUGHES AT SWEARING-IN WITH IKE'S "LITTLE CABINET"[®]
And there in their midst was a liberal Democrat, taking down every word.

stayed on for ten months as a speech-writing presidential aide. As such, he had privileges given to few valets. He sat in on Cabinet meetings and other high Government councils, had long, earnest conversations with Ike and his colleagues. For them, these were unguarded moments—they could hardly know that Hughes was writing down everything that they said and did in his diary.

From the beginning, Hughes obviously felt himself surrounded by lesser men. Indeed, his disenchantment set in even before Eisenhower's inauguration, when the President-elect and some of his Cabinet choices cruised for three days on the U.S.S. *Helena*. Writes Hughes: "Attentively attending almost all the discussions of those three days, I found in them a somewhat dismaying contrast between their actual substance and their public appearance. To the world's news agencies, flashing their crisp reports across the globe, these meetings constituted 'the epic mid-Pacific conference' . . . And in succeeding years, there were widespread rumors and reports of the portentous 'strategic decisions' supposedly made aboard the *Helena*. There were, in fact, no such decisions. Nor did anyone present delude himself on the matter."

Hughes was particularly unimpressed by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles: "Whether expanding at philosophic length upon his estimate of the Communist challenge, or responding at legalistic length to a specific question of policy, Dulles apparently made one consistent impact upon Eisenhower: he bored him . . . From the 'epic' of these mid-Pacific meetings, I therefore returned with one impression that seemed, for the future, more important than all the others. This was the serious expectation that, in the great labor of redirecting American foreign policy, the partnership of Eisenhower and

Dulles would surely break, most probably within a year or two. It was a memorably erroneous conclusion."

A Pair of Parentheses. As Hughes watched, listened, thought and jotted down notes during his White House months, he found only one among top Eisenhower colleagues who could command his continuing respect. Writes he of White House Staff Chief Sherman Adams: "The unselfish sense of service of a Sherman Adams offered a contrast, sharp as silent mockery, to the self-preoccupation of a John Foster Dulles."

But Interior Secretary Douglas McKay and Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks "paired off like parentheses—ready to close in upon words or views with any too dangerously 'liberal' ring." Treasury Secretary George Humphrey's "formulations of serious conclusions remained so bromidic ('In business, it is results that count') that his wife collected them, in memory, as fondly as photographs for a family album." Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson "personified, occasionally almost to the point of caricature, a classic type of corporation executive: basically apolitical and certainly unphilosophic, aggressive in action and direct in speech—the undoubting and uncomplicated pragmatist who inhabits a world of sleek, shining certitudes."

Then, too, there was that dreadful fellow, Vice President Richard Nixon. Nixon was a "politician"—but not on Hughes's terms. For Hughes considers "the art of politics" to be "the subtle and sensitive attending and disciplining of all words and deeds—not to mend the petty conflict of

the moment, nor to close some tiny gap in the discourse of the day—but to define and to advance designs and policies for a thousand tomorrows." That's a pretty tough standard to live up to, and in Hughes's view, Nixon failed. Hughes quotes Ike as telling him in confidence: "I've watched Dick for a long time, and he just hasn't grown. So I just haven't honestly been able to believe that he is presidential timber." Hughes's own summation of Nixon: "He was always the pupil who 'heard the music but yet missed the tune.' He was the host obsessed with the setting of his table—but with no taste for food."

The Simpleton. But the real villain, the one to whom Hughes keeps returning again and again, with merciless hostility, was Dulles. Hughes disagreed deeply with Eisenhower's State Secretary. Hughes was, and is, the advocate of the master thrust in world politics, the grand scheme that can achieve the massive breakthrough to peace. After Stalin's death, Hughes was an all-out pleader for negotiating at the summit with Khrushchev, while Dulles, who had the responsibility of office, was reluctant. Hughes, therefore, derided Dulles' brinkmanship on the one hand and his caution on the other.

Ike apparently spoke with a great deal of candor to Hughes about Dulles. Once, according to Hughes, he remarked: "Sometimes Foster is just too worried about being accused of sounding like Truman or Acheson." Dulles, who obviously did not know quite how Hughes really felt about him, also spoke unreservedly, once saying: "Standing away from my job, I guess I don't think the chances of war are more than one in four. But in my job, I've got to act as if they were fifty-fifty." Comments Hughes: "From almost any other Secretary of State, these words would imply little more than the sensible appreciation of world life. From Dulles, however, they carried an inflection subtly suggestive of a disconcerting readiness to invoke martial power to prove a diplomatic point."

Hughes came to conclude that Dulles was a sort of simpleton: "A personality initially suggesting great complexity grew to appear, with time, increasingly simple." Hughes was therefore astonished as well as angered that Dulles's policies continued to prevail and that he stayed in office.

Back with the Team. Instead, it was Hughes who left. He resigned near the end of 1953 "to return gladly to journalism," spent much of the next two years abroad, "thoughtfully" watching and grieving at the course of international events. But Speechwriter Hughes returned to the Eisenhower team in 1956—and his reason was even more labyrinthine than before. In August of that year, he says, he paid "a courtesy call upon the President." He had had no intention of returning to work for Ike. But he was "seriously swayed by the counsel of some astute and conscientious Democratic friends." These friends feared that the Republican Administration, almost certain to be re-

® From left: Executive Clerk William J. Hopkins, Special Assistant Wilton B. Persons, Sherman Adams, Hughes, Eisenhower, Administrative Assistants Gabriel Hauge and Robert Cutler, and White House Administrative Officer Frank K. Sanderson.

turned to office, might even begin "boasting of its fancied attainment of world peace," which "might not only leave the governments of other free nations agast at such unreality; it might also leave the embattled Administration believing, at least a little, its own domestic propaganda." As a check against this, Hughes's "Democratic friends earnestly urged me to return to work with the President for the duration of the campaign."

Thus, when Hughes visited with Ike that August and the President said that he might be needing "a little help and advice," Hughes was ready. Writes he: "I had no need to answer the offhand remark. But I knew that the request would explicitly come. And I knew that, with deep but silent reservations, I would respond."

Hughes came, wrote speeches, made notes in his diary of confidential conversations, and left. He saw Ike only a couple of more times—although he fired off several letters offering the President advice about how to run the world. At the beginning, Hughes says he had respected Ike: "Toward such a man, all kinds of dissent or doubt could conceivably be directed—except personal disrespect."

The Last Word. Hughes offers some wonderful flashes of Eisenhower. He waits impatiently for Adlai Stevenson's concession of defeat on Election Night 1952: "What in God's name is the matter with that monkey." Ike fretting about riding to his inauguration with outgoing President Harry Truman: "I wonder if I can stand sitting next to him." Ike offering a definition of leadership: "You do not lead by hitting people over the head. Any damn fool can do that, but it's usually called 'assault,' not 'leadership.' I'll tell you what leadership is: it's *persuasion*—and *conciliation*—and *education*—and *patience*. It's long, slow, tough work. That's the only kind of leadership I know—or believe in—or will practice."

But so disgruntled is ex-Employee Hughes that, in his summing up of the Eisenhower Administration, he invokes a unanimity that excludes scores of millions of Americans: "By almost equally unanimous consensus of the national community of intellectuals and critics—journalists and academicians, pundits and prophets—his conduct of the presidency was unskillful and his definition of it inaccurate."

For his own last words about Eisenhower, Hughes quotes Winston Churchill: "The only guide to a man is his conscience: the only shield to his memory is the rectitude and sincerity of his actions. It is very imprudent to walk through life without this shield, because we are so mocked by the failure of our hopes; but with this shield, however the Fates may play, we march always in the ranks of honor." Says Hughes: "I know that President Dwight David Eisenhower always believed this. And I believe he will be so remembered."

Churchill, as Hughes acknowledges, was not talking about Eisenhower. It was his eulogy of Neville Chamberlain.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Advise & Consent

Franklin Roosevelt Jr. moved to the witness table of the Senate Commerce Committee and sat down smiling. Committee Chairman Warren Magnuson, a Democrat, chuckled that it happened to be the 30th anniversary of the first fireside chat by Junior's father—but that, unfortunately, there was no fire at hand. Rhode Island's John Pastore, another Democrat, cracked: "It will be hot anyway." Republican committee members, it was rumored, planned to hold F.D.R. Jr.'s feet to the fire in hearings on his appointment as Under Secretary of Commerce.

But the fireworks fizzled. After two days of committee camaraderie, Roosevelt was getting his coffee in a cup with his name on it. On the third day, Vermont's Winston Prouty, generally considered to be



F.D.R. JR. AT HEARINGS
No fireside to hold his feet to.

the Republican who was really out after Junior, got a chance to ask some questions. What did Roosevelt do with the \$30,000 retainer he received when he was an attorney for Tyrant Trujillo's Dominican Republic regime seven years ago? The money went to Roosevelt's New York law firm, and F.D.R. Jr. got his share as a partner. Anyway, Junior now felt that "I would have been just as well off without that client." What about Junior's five traffic violations and \$125 fine for driving after a suspended license? Didn't they indicate a "public be damned" attitude? Roosevelt thought not, explained one of the violations was for a blown headlight fuse—and anyway, he got his license back after he became the "proud graduate" of a school for frequent traffic offenders. What, Prouty asked, about some \$26,000 in taxes that the Internal Revenue Service claimed Junior owed in 1958? A misunderstanding, insisted Roosevelt, but he would happily pay the assessments.

At week's end, Roosevelt's appointment

—a token of President Kennedy's warm thanks for work during West Virginia's 1960 presidential primary—seemed assured. Only Winston Prouty had doubts. He thought it might yet be interesting to hear from an ex-partner in Roosevelt's Washington foreign-car dealership who sued F.D.R. Jr. and the Fiat Motor Co. for \$9,000,000 a few years ago. The rest of the committee, both Republicans and Democrats, seemed mighty pleased when Junior vowed: "I will try to be purer than Caesar's wife." There were Rotarian guifaws when Senator Magnuson quipped: "Well, that's asking a little too much."

REPUBLICANS

Against the Democrat Democrat

Pennsylvania's Republican Governor William Scranton has turned down some 4,000 speaking invitations since last November. But, by way of paying a political debt, he was happy to travel to Boston last week. Scranton was grateful for a 1962 Pennsylvania fund-raising appearance on his behalf by Massachusetts Republican Henry Cabot Lodge. At that same time, Lodge's son George was running unsuccessfully for the U.S. Senate against Teddy Kennedy—and piling up an \$85,000 campaign deficit. By appearing at a \$100-a-plate dinner last week, Scranton helped raise \$65,000 against that deficit.

Scranton also got several gripes off his chest. "Republicans," he said, "not only should agree on a tax cut, we ought to demand it. But we ought to demand that Government spending be cut also. Republicans can . . . clearly state—in specifics—that if the Administration cuts its spending by 'X' dollars, that—and only that—will make it possible to cut taxes by 'Y' dollars."

At the same time, "if we really believe in Government action on the lowest possible level, we Republicans ought to advocate a new division of the tax dollar. I'm not talking about some vague, theoretical platitude. I'm talking about coming up with a specific, concrete tax program that gives more revenues to the states."

In his prepared text, Scranton had urged an end to Republican factionalism. Because of the G.O.P.'s "never-ending game of label roulette," it is sometimes hard to decide just what kind of Republican one is—conservative or liberal, conservatively liberal or liberally conservative.

"Or maybe," he wrote, "he's the Republican to beat all Republicans: a liberally conservative, but conservatively liberal; progressively moderate, but moderately progressive; middle-of-the-road, up-and-coming, down-and-at-'em Republican-type Republican . . . The net result of this urge to be labeled frequently is that our party members end up in neatly tagged compartments, while the opposition party ends up in public office. The only real gainer is a peculiar political species known as a Democrat Democrat."

The only thing was, Scranton got so busy ad-libbing that he cut his speech—and in the process, left out that wry but realistic plea for party solidarity.

TAXES

\$21 Million Mystery Man

For a while, they liked to listen to John A. T. Galvin around San Francisco. He often regaled cocktail parties with fascinating tales of his past. Such as the time he bought a shipload of calcium compound in the Orient and made huge profits selling it to natives as a remedy for diarrhea. Or the time he cornered the Malayan tin market. Or the time he interviewed Mao Tse-tung as an adventuring reporter in China during the '30s.

But Galvin never really got down to details about his fortune, estimated at \$150 million. He moved to suburban Woodside in 1955, proceeded to splash about in the social life there. He made quite a hit at first—entertaining lavishly on his estate, allowing the horsy set of Woodside to canter over his acres. He gave \$50,000 to build an indoor riding ring at Stanford University in nearby Palo Alto. Even when the university turned down a daughter for admission, Galvin let the contribution stand.

Soon Woodside got to thinking this was all a bit too showy. "Typical *nouveau riche*," sniffed a neighbor. Hurt, Galvin packed up his Irish-born wife and five children in 1958 and moved to a 35,000-acre ranch near Santa Barbara. Ostensibly, he wanted to offer riding room for the U.S. Olympic riding team, of which his daughter Trish was a star. That seemed fine—until last October, when John A. T. Galvin abruptly shut down the ranch, closed down the school he had started for his children, loaded up his prize Irish horses and left for Dublin.

San Francisco might have forgotten its mysterious millionaire—but the U.S. Internal Revenue Service has made Galvin a conversation piece again. It filed liens against his California property for \$21,261.81 for back taxes—the largest lien against an individual in IRS memory. The Government says John Galvin owes that rajah's ransom for taxes unpaid be-

tween the years 1954 and 1957. Galvin's California lawyer says he owes nothing.

Since the liens were filed, there has been some digging done into Galvin's background. It still doesn't go very deep. He was born in Hobart, Tasmania, worked as a 15s-a-week messenger for a time, was fired as a classified advertising salesman from a newspaper in Melbourne, Australia, because the management thought girls sold the ads better. He headed for Hong Kong to seek his fortune. He apparently found it after World War II in the vague area of "mining and transportation," it is said. He has a company in Malaya called Eastern Mining and Metals Co., Ltd. Beyond that, little is known. The world of John A. T. Galvin's wealth could become public when his tax case comes to court. But, as Galvin's California lawyer says, "These things take forever, you know."

CRIME

The Phantom Strangler

Bessie Goldberg, 62, wife of a real estate man, lay on the living-room floor of her Dutch-colonial home in Belmont, a well-to-do Boston suburb. Around her neck was a nylon stocking that had been stripped from her left leg. She was dead. Headlined the Boston Herald: HOUSEWIFE TENTH STRANGLE VICTIM.

The ten women, all from the Boston area, have been strangled in the past nine months, throwing the city into panic. The Animal Rescue League cannot keep up with the demand for watchdogs. Hardware stores report a run on chain locks. Detectives have combed the dossiers of more than 2,000 known sex offenders. Newspapers have raised an outcry for the arrest of "the Phantom Strangler."

Patterns. Up to a point, there has been a pattern in the stranglings. Most of the victims were sexually molested. Like Bessie Goldberg, a volunteer hospital aide, four of the women had some sort of hospital or medical-office affilia-

tion. Seven of the women, including Mrs. Goldberg, were 55 or over. But after that, the pattern breaks down.

The strangling spree began last June, when Seamstress Anna Slesers, 55, was found in her kitchen, a blue bathrobe belt wrapped tight around her throat. Two weeks later, greying Physiotherapist Nina Nichols, 68, was found on her bedroom floor, two knotted stockings around her neck. Two days later, it was Helen Blake, 65, a practical nurse, found strangled by two knotted stockings entwined with a brassiere. Eight days more, and Margaret Davis, 60, was discovered manually strangled in a cheap hotel room. On Aug. 21, Ida Irga, 75, was throttled with a pillowcase; her body was found on her living-room floor. And on Aug. 30, Jane Sullivan, 67, a nurse's aide at Longwood Hospital, was discovered strangled with two knotted stockings. At this point, every aging Boston woman who lived alone was in fear of her life.

Then things changed a bit. Not until December was there another strangling—and this time it was a 19-year-old, Sophie Clark, a student in medical technology, who was found strangled with three stockings intertwined with a half slip. Next, on Dec. 29, was Secretary Patricia Bisette, 23, with three stockings and a white blouse knotted around her neck.

Seven days later, 16-year-old Daniela Saunders was choked to death in an alley in Boston's tough Roxbury section, and the city's fury knew no bounds. Police Commissioner Edmund L. McNamara appeared before a mass protest meeting and pleaded for understanding. Said he, sadly: "I wish I could wave a magic wand." In mid-January police arrested a 15-year-old boy who admitted strangling the Saunders girl because she had refused him a kiss; he could not possibly have been the Phantom Strangler.

Studies. There was the continuing supposition that all the murders were the work of a single person, described by the Boston Record American in what it called a "psychiatric study":

- 1) A man (women excluded).
- 2) Mature (crime too sophisticated for youth).
- 3) A psychopathic personality with sex deviations (person is very sick).
- 4) Intelligent—self-protective (enough clarity of mind to cover his tracks).
- 5) Motivated solely by a sex urge that encompasses the crime from the strangling, through sex assault, through search.
- 6) Not suicidal—not likely to become so deranged he will give himself away.

Until last week, there had been no stranglings for two months, and Bostonians could again begin to believe that theirs was a rather normal city. Both New York and Los Angeles had had nine stranglings since last summer; Chicago, which seems to go in more for bullets, had had none. But the death of Bessie Goldberg brought fear back to Boston. At week's end, a Negro handyman was arrested and held on suspicion of her strangling. And Bostonians could only wait and wonder whether he had killed nine, or fewer, or none.



GALVIN WITH WIFE & DAUGHTER IN DUBLIN
With a lien against the green.



A BACK STREET SERVING AS WASHINGTON PLAYGROUND
"A seething discontent which is both justified and frightening."

THE CAPITAL

The Keg with the Lit Fuse

Muggers attack in broad daylight. Churches lock their doors because, as one clergyman explains, "Too many bums come in, wander around and take what they like." Last week a purse snatcher was shot to death by a rookie patrolman; a 40-year-old man was beaten to death in his home with a leg wrenched by a couple of intruders from his end table; a bank was robbed and police pursued the bandits through the streets while passers-by scattered to escape the gunfire. All this is in Washington, D.C., the nation's capital and a city tortured by poverty and crime.

"Studied Neglect." Although few like to state the fact plainly, most of Washington's trouble has been caused by a flood of Negroes over the past two decades. As they have streamed into the city, whites have moved out, until Washington has the highest percentage of Negroes of any major U.S. city—53.9% of a total 764,000 population. Lured north by the siren song of federal jobs to be had for the asking, most come ill-educated and ill-prepared. Of those who do get jobs, many work for less than 75¢ an hour. Others stay unemployed, huddle together six to eight in slum rooms, become desperate. What does a man do then? Says Sterling Tucker, director of the Washington Urban League: "I guess he might go out and snatch a purse."

Crime in Washington has increased every month during the past eight; February's rate was 8.9% higher than a year before. Of 16 U.S. cities with populations between 500,000 and 1,000,000 Washington has more cases of assault with a dangerous weapon than any other—2,280 in the eight months between January and September 1962 (the last period for which figures are available). Tourists have been slugged while taking pictures on the Capitol steps, women assaulted while praying in church at high noon. Of all Washington crimes, 87% are committed by Negroes, 26% by youngsters under 18.

Many of these juvenile criminals hatch in a school system that one educator has labeled "a case of studied neglect." Into Washington's overcrowded schools each year pour 7,000 new students—95% of them Negroes. At Pierce school, a 69-year-old brick building with patched walls, peeling paint, and wrapping paper for window shades, nearly 400 students go to school in classrooms built for 280. On the third floor of Hine school (nicknamed "Horrible Hine"), litter and debris from a 1959 fire have yet to be cleaned up. The city's school dropout rate is 39%; discipline is so precarious that school officials have been forced to call for police aid nearly 300 times so far this school year.

\$3 a Day. In all other areas, the story is the same. Washington reports more cases of gonorrhea than any city its size in the U.S.; its rate of illegitimate births is over three times the national average; welfare payments have nearly doubled since 1958. In 1961 a Senate subcommittee investigating aid to dependent children in the federal district discovered that 50% of aid recipients were ineligible. One mother of four, for example, had forced her husband to live away from home so that she could collect.

Nonetheless, a committee of professional social workers charged that the welfare department's policies were "inhumane," that those who needed aid were short-changed because payments were based on outmoded cost-of-living standards. Thus a mother with four children would collect only \$64 a month for rent and \$3 a day for food. Moreover, the committee pointed out, rehabilitation efforts were virtually nonexistent, and welfare workers labored under an average load of 152 cases each, although the Federal Government recommended a maximum of 60.

To get its affairs in any sort of order, Washington clearly needs more money. But the city's purse strings are held by Congress—particularly by the House District Committee, which is headed by South Carolina's John McMillan and dominated by rural Southern conservatives.



TENEMENTS ALONG CORCORAN STREET, N.W.



PURSE SNATCHER SHOT BY COPS

"Hemmed In." Last January, President Kennedy proposed that the district's income be hiked by \$47 million annually within the next three years by increasing federal payments and raising district taxes. Predictably, McMillan's committee whittled away most of the proposed hike. Later, in a huff over repeated newspaper and TV attacks on the cuts, McMillan announced that he figured the furor had ruined the chances for any raise at all in payments this year.

In the meantime, Police Chief Robert Murray predicts that the city's crime rate will continue to increase and racial tensions mount. Says one Negro leader: "Our people have a feeling that they're hemmed in. And when you feel hemmed in, there's always a bursting out." Says School Superintendent Carl Hansen: "There is a seething discontent in this city which is both justified and frightening. We're sitting on a keg of dynamite with the fuse lit."

THE HEMISPHERE

BRAZIL

Brink of Bankruptcy

It took months to prepare the way. An emergency plan had to be designed to curb Brazil's breakneck inflation, which has raised the cost of living 55.4% since February 1962. President João Goulart, who built his political reputation as a wage-boosting leftist demagogue, had to take steps aimed to prove that his ways



FINANCE MINISTER DANTAS
How to ask for aid.

had changed. Last week, when all was ready—or as near ready as possible, Brazil formally asked the U.S. to save it from bankruptcy.

Broad Potential. In many ways, the man who brought the rescue plan to Washington was characteristic of today's Brazil. Finance Minister Francisco Clementino San Thiago Dantas, 51, is broad, myopic, ambitious, divided between left and right, and fairly bursting with brilliant potential. He graduated from the National Law Faculty of the University of Brazil at 20, went on to become one of the most successful corporation lawyers in the country. But in 1958 he turned left, joined Goulart's Brazilian Labor Party, and got himself elected a federal deputy from Minas Gerais state. In 1961, when Goulart succeeded the erratic Jânio Quadros as President, Dantas was the man named to be Brazil's Foreign Minister.

"Brazil will uphold its inter-American and Western alliances," promised Foreign Minister Dantas. But at Punta del Este, Uruguay, in January 1962, though he condemned a "Marxist-Leninist government in Cuba," Dantas refused to vote with a two-thirds majority of the hemisphere's nations to expel Cuba from the OAS. His performance so outraged conservatives at home that they blocked Goul-

art's attempt to make Dantas his Prime Minister. Goulart waited until last January, then made him Finance Minister.

Tackling the Mess. Whatever his game in international affairs, Dantas has never been anything but a thorough conservative in economics—and all the more so as Brazil's economic indicators have gone from bad to worse. Last year Brazil imported \$100 million more than it could pay for with exports. Even if it imports nothing this year, it will still owe international creditors \$800 million. New foreign capital dwindled from \$266 million in 1961 to \$62 million last year, frightened off by expropriations, political strife, and a restrictive remittance-of-profits bill. Brazil's gross national product, which averaged 7% growth a year for five years, slowed to an estimated 3.5% in 1962, which means barely keeping ahead of Brazil's 3.1% growth of population.

Tackling the mess head-on, Dantas, Goulart and Economic Planner Celso Furtado (architect of the ambitious development plan for Brazil's blighted northeast elbow) ended costly subsidies on imports of wheat and petroleum, even though high-test gasoline prices immediately doubled. They raised the fare on Rio commuter trains from 3 mills to 1½¢. They limited bank credit, froze steel prices at the government-owned Volta Redonda plant, and persuaded auto, truck and clothing manufacturers to hold the price line. Goulart, who rose to power as labor's pal, even promised a group of industrialists that he would hold wages firm so long as they restrained prices.

Swipes at the Reds. A statement attributed to U.S. Ambassador to Brazil Lincoln Gordon, and published last week in a House Foreign Affairs subcommittee report, says flatly that Communists have infiltrated Goulart's government.* Yet Goulart, if he has not seriously cleaned house, has at least taken a few swipes at Brazil's Reds. He forbade his own brother-in-law, Yankee-baiting Federal Deputy Leonel Brizola, to broadcast over government-owned radio stations. When a group of Brazilian Castroites announced plans for a meeting of Latin American leftists, the foreign ministry issued orders to refuse the travelers Brazilian visas.

In Washington last week, Goulart's emissary insisted that he wanted no new loans. Brazil's financial woes, said Dantas, stem from "loans negotiated over recent years without any serious planning on how to repay them." What Dantas does plead for is a stretch-out of the money Brazil already owes to the U.S. and to international aid agencies, including \$900 million that comes due over the next two years. "If I return from the U.S. with a plan for rescheduling our payments, for example at \$300 million per year," he

* Brazilians blew up, and the State Department tried to still the anti-Gordon storm by assuming complete responsibility for the statement and claiming that the ambassador's name appeared on it by mistake.

said, "I believe I shall have negotiated a better solution than a \$1 billion loan payable within a year, without anyone knowing how or with what." The word around Washington after an "astonishingly frank" 1-hr. 20-min. talk between Dantas and President Kennedy: the U.S. is agreeable, but only if the Brazilians continue their economic reforms.

THE ALIANZA

Dissatisfaction Down South

Deeply troubled by the disappointing start of the Alliance for Progress, the Organization of American States last fall appointed a committee of two to make a survey of what went wrong and what should be done about it. The roving critics were two of Latin America's most distinguished statesmen, temporarily out of work: Juscelino Kubitschek and Alberto Lleras Camargo, former Presidents of Brazil and Colombia. For three months, they went their independent ways, studying reports, conferring with Alliance officials, huddling with economists and politicians in Latin American capitals. Then they met in Rio de Janeiro to compare notes. They disagreed on some major points.*

Another Parliament? Kubitschek—the man who started Brazil in the wilds, and mortgaged his country's present to its future—favors an emphasis on developing basic industries, with only a nod to immediate attempts to lift the standard of living for Latin America's masses. That, he argued, should come later, after the industrial base is secure. Lleras believes

* Lleras suffered a cerebral hemorrhage in Rio, cut short his tour and flew to Baltimore's Johns Hopkins Hospital, where he was reported in good condition.



LLERAS & KUBITSCHKEK
But don't throw it in the ocean.

the reverse, argues for priority to short-term social projects such as housing, public health, roads and schools. "Our purposes are the same," said Kubitschek tactfully, "but our ways of looking at problems are sometimes different."

On one matter Kubitschek and Lleras had no difficulty in agreeing: the need for more Latin American participation in the Alliance if it is to succeed at all. In their formal report to the OAS, due later this month, they are expected to bring up the idea of a "parliament" of all nations participating in the Alliance, which would have authority to establish Alliance priorities, approve projects, coordinate with government spending, help arrange commodity agreements and currency stabilization. Advising the parliament would be a staff of experts, patterned after the European commission (now OECD) that coordinated Marshall Plan aid. "Without such a mechanism," said Lleras in Rio, "the Alliance becomes just a presentation of petitions to a sole financier, the U.S., which seems to reserve for itself the right to condition aid to special circumstances in its relations with interested countries."

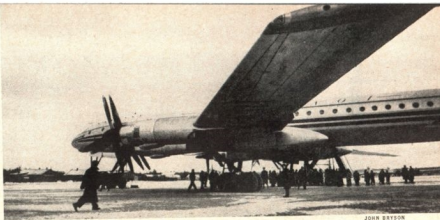
Another View. A hemisphere-wide parliament may help, but recently another critic of the Alliance proclaimed that the Alliance's failings go deeper than mechanics. "The Alliance for Progress is dead," said Archbishop Dom Helder Câmara, 54, of Rio de Janeiro. "But I desire its resurrection." The archbishop's appraisal, taped on TV for rebroadcast in the U.S., might be too harsh. The Alliance shows signs of life in several countries—notably Venezuela, Colombia, Chile and El Salvador. Nevertheless, he believes that progress throughout Latin America has been halted by both U.S. and Latin American governments' excessive bureaucracy, by anti-U.S. suspicion aroused by the U.S. use of government-to-government grants as a "political weapon," and by too little money spread too thinly. Above all, he complains about the lack of reform, and for that he blames the wealthy classes.

"Our rich in Latin America," said the archbishop, "talk much about basic reforms but call Communists those who decide to carry them out. They continue to hold 80% of the land; in many cases, they control Congress and have their degree of idealism and faith in the future measured by their deposits in U.S. and European banks." Until there is drastic reform, he concluded, pouring money into Latin America "is the same as throwing it in the ocean."

CUBA

Nonstop to Moscow

The flight is the world's longest nonstop passenger run in the world's largest transport. Once a week, an immense Russian turboprop TU-114 transport lifts from the runway of Havana's José Martí airport and points north on the 6,800-mile run to Moscow. Among the passengers aboard last week's flight was TIME's Correspondent Edmund Stevens, the first



RUSSIAN TU-114 TRANSPORT
"Cuba, si! Yanqui, no!" all the way, not quite.

Westerner ever to make the trip. His report:

One struggles up a ramp that is like a staircase leading to the fourth floor of a building—the TU-114 is around 40 ft. high when standing on the ground. Inside the hatch, cabin follows cabin: a crew compartment; a large compartment empty of everything but a few suitcases, food hampers and cases of soft drinks; a serving pantry, with a galley down a flight of steps on a lower level. Then come the first-class compartments, four of them, each completely private. In contrast with the rest of the plane, where fittings are as spartan as those on a troop carrier, the first-class section has wood paneling and curtains.

The only other first-class passenger was an elderly Russian scientist of distinguished mien who was apparently so highly classified that he never exchanged a syllable with anyone during the trip. The first-class seat directly across from mine was partly filled with a bulky shape that I later learned—to my great discomfort—was an extra fuel tank.

More spare fuel tanks were installed in the rear compartment, where the remaining 32 passengers sat. At peak capacity, a TU-114 can carry 220 passengers, although normal seating is 170. But on the Moscow-Havana run, the figure is about 50, which must make it the costliest per capita flight in the world.

Breakfast Caviar. Before take-off, the pilot warmed up his four turboprops for a full half-hour. Then we lifted off, climbed gradually to 33,000 ft., leveled. A pink-cheeked stewardess, her nose peeling after a day on a Cuban beach, brought breakfast—caviar, lettuce, salty smoked salmon to begin with; a small beefsteak with potatoes and green Cuban tomatoes to follow; a piece of cake and an orange for dessert, with coffee. As first-class passengers, we got vodka and wine; tourist passengers got nothing stronger than mineral water, and three civil engineers from Leningrad complained loudly. "It's regulations, comrades," said the stewardess stiffly. At last one engineer remembered the bottle of Cuban rum he had bought at the airport, and things got livelier.

The flight follows a great circle route, somewhat extended to keep over interna-

tional waters. From Havana, the plane flies northeast over the Atlantic parallel to the U.S. coastline; roughly opposite Norfolk, Va., it zigzags to a course between Greenland and Iceland to a point beyond the North Cape, then zags southward toward Murmansk—its first landfall after Havana. Flying time to Moscow: 13 hr. 55 min. Bucking headwinds in the other direction, the flight takes 18 hours, and even with a refueling stop at Murmansk the planes often reach Havana with a perilously low fuel reserve.

Think of the Loss. As the flight wore on, the conversation got around to Cuba. "One shouldn't trust Castro too far," remarked one passenger. "At some point he might double-cross us. After all we've done, what do we get? In his last speech, when he referred to countries that aided Cuba, he mentioned the Soviet Union last, with China way ahead. How do you like that?"

Said another: "Granted. Fidel says some odd things. But Raúl has got his head screwed on right; he's a true friend, and there are others." "Speaking of heads," came the answer, "the other day Fidel said, 'It's time we started using our own heads.' What do you think he meant if not that we've been doing too much of his thinking for him?" A lady schoolteacher cut in: "Some years ago, I was sent to China to give lessons. At the time, we were pouring lots of aid into China, and see what happened. I shouldn't like to see Cuba go the same way. Think of the loss."

Just then the conversation was drowned out by a group of young Cubans, bound for school in Russia, who broke into a revolutionary song with a cha cha beat ending up "Cuba, si! Yanqui, no!" The Russian passengers joined in the chorus.

The conversation drifted on, and meal followed meal—each the same as breakfast, with slight variations. At last the stewardess came back with word that Murmansk was closed in. We put down in Murmansk, but soon our stewardess jubilantly announced that our pilot had talked Vnukovo airport in Moscow into letting us come in. Less than two hours later, the slightly less than nonstop flight came to an end in a perfect landing amid a blinding Moscow snowstorm.

THE WORLD

GREAT BRITAIN

This Happy Breeding

Besides the fact that there will always be one, clichés about England are almost infinite in variety. It rains all the time; the cooking is miserable—nothing but mutton, tea, suety puddings—and, good lord, the beer is served warm. Then there is the stereotype British male: a stoical,



"YEAH, I KNOW IT'S MINE, BUT I AIN'T MARRYIN' NO BIRD WOT AIN'T A VIRGIN"

pipe-puffing, baggy-tweeds type who eschews sex for a rousing game of darts in the local pub, and when he does indulge is awkward and passionless. British women are, for lack of practice, frigid. None of these things has ever been very true. But nowadays, as far as sex is concerned anyway, Britons are shattering the world's illusions about their propensities and prowess. In the bargain, they are shocking themselves.

"Are Virgins Obsolete?" On the island where the subject has long been taboo in polite society, sex has exploded on the national consciousness and into national headlines. "Are We Going Sex Crazy?" asks the London Daily Herald. "Is Chastity Outmoded?" asks a school magazine for teen-agers. "Are Virgins Obsolete?" is the question posed by the sober *New Statesman*. The answers vary, but one thing is clear: Britain is being bombarded with a barrage of frankness about sex and flooded with a public questioning of the long-established Victorian moral standards. Wrote the Archbishop of Canterbury, in a recent Sunday Times article, "Today there is in our society an immense outbreak of preoccupation with Venus. There is a dwelling upon sex: the sex prob-

lem, the adjustments of sex, instruction for sex, adventures of sex, stories of sex, what to do with sex, brighter and better sex." And the candor with which the once forbidden subject is being explored is positively astonishing.

It is the decorous British Broadcasting Corp. that leads the discussion these days. BBC programs have included a lecture on the arguments for premarital intercourse, a discussion of homosexuality (known on the Continent as *le vice anglais*), a drama about an abortionist, and another play about men reminiscing about their past sex life ("Her breasts could fill champagne glasses"). On the popular satirical show *That Was the Week That Was*, the young Establishment types poke a kind of sexual fun that would make America's FCC Boss Newton Minow turn pale. Taking off on a government report that one baby in every eight born in London is illegitimate, *TWTWTW's* brassy singer Millicent Martin lamented as she rocked a cradle:

*Don't you weep, my little baby
'Cause you haven't got a dad.
Go to sleep, my little baby,
Things aren't really quite so bad.
There's no reason any longer
Why you ought to feel so blue.
The world is full of bastards
Just like you.*

A Debris of Convictions. Fact is, both on and off the air waves, the British are deeply concerned with their search for what some call "a new morality" to fit the hushed-up facts of life. "The popular morality is now a wasteland," said Dr. George Morrison Carstairs, 46, professor of psychological medicine at Edinburgh University, in a recent BBC lecture. "It is littered with the debris of broken convictions. A new concept is emerging, of sexual relationships as a source of pleasure, but also as a mutual encountering of personalities in which each explores the other and at the same time discovers new depths in himself or herself."

In a violently controversial report, a group of The Religious Society of Friends attacked the onus attached to "a great increase in adolescent sexual intimacy" and premarital affairs. "It is fairly common in both young men and women with high standards of conduct and integrity to have one or two love affairs, involving intercourse, before they find the person they will ultimately marry," said the report. This, concluded the Quaker report, is not such a sin. "Where there is genuine tenderness, an openness to responsibility and the seed of commitment, God is surely not shut out."

A Blessing. All the hubbub over sex has, to be sure, caused a lot of misgivings, and few churchmen share the Quakers' liberal view. But most experts agree with Writer V. S. Pritchett that "allowing for its crudities, the sexual revolution has been one of the few blessings in the life of

this century." They attribute the new sexual tolerance and the lessening of Victorian shame to a wide variety of combined causes: the heavy impact of both world wars on the old morality, the emancipation of women from the hearth, a gradual increase in coeducational schooling, and even the fact that more Britons travel abroad for holidays. But exactly where the present orgy of introspection will lead not even the experts can predict. What seems certain, however, is that the typical Englishman of a thousand clichés is doing no more than he ever did; he is merely hiding it less.

FRANCE

"Give Us Some Saus"

As dawn rose over Paris early one morning last week, a volley of rifle shots echoed through dank, grim Ivry Fort. Dead before the firing squad sank ex-Lieut. Colonel Jean-Marie Bastien-Thiry, 35, convicted ringleader of last summer's abortive attempt to assassinate Charles de Gaulle in the Paris suburb of Petit-Clamart as he was motorizing to his country home at Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises.⁶ Though De Gaulle spared two other plotters, he presumably ordered the execution of Bastien-Thiry to discourage other terrorists from further assassination efforts on behalf of the dread Secret Army Organization.

But De Gaulle's most prominent foe, ex-Premier Georges Bidault, now a ranking S.A.O. chieftain, was as publicly defiant as ever. He could afford to be, for he was now holed up in southern Germany,

⁶ These days, with tighter police security, De Gaulle usually makes the trip between Paris and Colombey by helicopter. Escorted by a heavy police guard, he drives a few miles down the highway to an isolated, predetermined spot on the road. There, as shown with Mme. De Gaulle in photographs released this week (*see cuts*), he leaves his car, enters the waiting helicopter, and makes his journey.



DE GAULLE & WIFE



COAL MINERS' PROTEST IN LORRAINE
Continuing trouble.

where, after a nervous brushoff by Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, he sought political asylum from the state of Bavaria. Bathed in publicity and surrounded by police, he obviously was not doing his resistance organization much concrete good in a distant German villa.

But when he called reporters in for interviews, Bidault insisted that his political activities were far from over. "I am the leader of the National Resistance Council. I am the boss of it all," he boasted. In France, there was only official silence. Fact was, the French government was delighted that the troublemaker was in Germany, where he was under continual surveillance, and was babbling a little too much to the press to enhance his reputation.

With Bidault on ice, De Gaulle turned his attention to the continuing, crippling strike of 188,000 miners in the nationalized coal fields of northern France, who were demanding wage scales on a par with workers in private industry. Rumors circulated that S.A.O. members, disguised as cops, would attack the strikers to provoke them to violence against the government, but the only toll of the strike so far was

economic. Thousands of steel and natural gas workers went out on a sympathy strike, and a 24-hour rail walkout created a transportation tie-up all over France. Into Paris drove a 342-car convoy of some 2,000 Lorraine ironworkers chanting: "Give us some sous, Pompidou."

Though furious at the continued intransigence of the strikers, De Gaulle knew he might have to give in.* At a Cabinet meeting in Paris, he ordered studies drawn up comparing wages in private and government-owned industry, with an eye toward making adjustments. But he was still rankled at the monetary support given the strikers by the Roman Catholic Church in the northern coal areas. Asked where the funds would come from to pay for any wage hike, he suggested: "We could always take up a collection in the churches."

* For one thing, *le grand Charles* was doubtless aware of the latest report of the French Institute of Public Opinion, which revealed that De Gaulle's rating had plummeted nine points over the preceding month, with only 55% of the French populace now "satisfied" with his conduct of the presidency. It was De Gaulle's lowest reading in 14 months.

COMMUNISTS

Getting to Know You

"Despise the enemy strategically," wrote Mao Tse-tung in his handbook for revolutionaries, "but take him seriously tactically." Last week, drawing a bead on his enemy in the Kremlin, Mao did both.

He made his tactical point by accepting Moscow's call for bilateral negotiations over the Sino-Soviet rift and inviting Nikita Khrushchev to Peking. "The Communist movement has reached a critical juncture. The time has come when differences have to be settled," declared the Red Chinese, proposing that Russia's Premier stop off in Peking on the way to Cambodia, where a state visit by Khrushchev has been discussed for some time. Alternatively, suggested Mao, a Red Chinese delegation could go to Moscow to discuss the squabble.

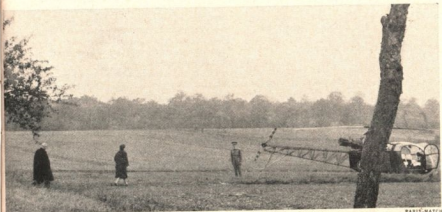
But the haughty, patronizing tone of the message, offering to meet the Soviets only "on the basis of full equality," and repeating the old demands for a one-way compromise, would make it tough for Russia to accept. Even in the event of a meeting, said one Hong Kong expert, "we can expect little but a verbal agreement which will soon break down."

RUSSIA

Tosca & a Cold Climate

Out of the Soviet boondocks comes a rising tide of complaints about the kind of people the Moscow authorities send out to the hinterland. Too often, they are troublemakers who are supposed to be reformed through hard work. Instead, they just make more trouble. In Vladivostok exiled young toughs formed a bandit gang that terrorized the city and knifed to death a young Communist leader; deportees to a Ukrainian collective farm last year drank so much booze that they were barred from the liquor stores, turned in desperation to eau de cologne.

Last week came an angry gripe in *Literaturnaya Gazeta* from a Siberian house-



LEAVING FOR PARIS
Greater precaution.

wife who demanded that Leningrad stop sending its prostitutes 2,735 miles to Irkutsk and surrounding villages. The housewife was especially upset about a young lady named Tosca, whose fame was so great that it preceded her arrival in Siberia. "Won't this piece of goods find admirers even in a new place?" asked the matron. "She probably will. I know that the wives of a few Bodaibo miners, for example, asked the authorities to stop sending the likes of Tosca to Bodaibo. This desire to push their unfinished goods onto others is wrong."

Of Firs, Flies & Fears

Thaw was in the Moscow air last week, melting the first thin layers of snow after the long months of winter. But to the 500 writers, musicians, painters and poets gathered in the Kremlin's Sverdlov Hall last week, the changing season outside only underscored Nikita Khrushchev's words of warning shouted from the platform. Khrushchev's decree to Russia's intellectuals: new ideas in Russia must remain in the deep freeze—indeinitely.

"One hears," cried Nikita in his 2½-hour blast, "that the time has come for *hautes fairs*, that the reins of government have been loosened . . . that everybody can do as he pleases." No! thundered Khrushchev. "The party implacably comes forward against any ideological vacillation. There will never be any absolute political freedom, not even under complete Communism."

Take Your Choice. To Russia's ruler, it had become all too clear that the recent flood of artistic expression—poetry readings before mass audiences, exhibits of modern paintings, jazz imported from abroad, books and articles about the Stalin terror—were becoming dangerous carriers of alien Western ideas, shaking the foundations of Communist society. De-stalinization, touched off by Nikita Khrushchev himself at the 20th Party Congress in 1956, had gone too far.

Nikita spared no group in the restless audience. Writer Ilya Ehrenburg, 72, drew scorn for the title of his 1954 novel, *The Thaw*, which, said Nikita, suggests political "impermanence and instability." As for Ehrenburg's memoirs, which have been running in the literary journal *Novyi Mir*, Khrushchev remarked caustically, "one notices that he depicts everything in grim tones." Khrushchev warned the veteran Ehrenburg against "slipping into an anti-Communist position."

Then Khrushchev turned on Young Poet Evgeny Yevtushenko: "He shows vacillations, instability of views . . . I would like to advise Comrade Yevtushenko and other men of letters that they should not seek cheap sensationalism." Everyone was aware, Nikita announced, that Yevtushenko recently told a Paris audience that his poem, *Babi Yar* (which drew fire from the Kremlin), had been "criticized by dogmatists." Such behind-the-back remarks in foreign countries will not do, hinted the Premier: "If the enemies of our cause begin to praise you for works



NEIZVESTNY SCULPTURE
Look out for those roots in the air.

convenient to their purpose, then the people will justly criticize you. So choose what suits you best."

Love for Trees. Khrushchev described with horror a recent jazz concert he attended ("One would have liked to hide, but there was no place to hide"), expressed deep distaste at such new dance crazes as the twist ("Simply obscenities, some sort of frenzy, the devil knows what"), and turned on the painters and sculptors with undisguised fury. Some, he roared, seek inspiration in "rubbish heaps and stinking latrines," or "present people in an intentionally ugly aspect." Such a man was Ernest Neizvestny, a sculptor who has recently won wide acclaim in Moscow's art world with his provocative works. But to Khrushchev, his work was just a "nauseating concoction. It is a good thing we do not have many such artists," he said.

Just what were Nikita's tastes? For a moment, his imagination took flight, as the audience listened nervously: "Recently I was watching the sun rise on a forest covered in hoarfrost. I said to those with me: 'Look at those fir trees, at their attire, at those snowflakes glistening in the rays of the sun. How wonderfully beautiful that is!' Yet the modernists and abstractionists want to paint these fir trees with their roots in the air, and they said this is new, progressive art."

Time to Shut Up. Running through his speech was the clear suggestion that Khrushchev felt his own roots were in danger. Too many of the intellectuals were devoting their work to exposure of the excesses of terror in the Stalin era—which was striking pretty close to home, since Khrushchev had been Stalin's

henchman throughout that period. "The question is sometimes asked," Nikita admitted, "did the leading people of the party know about the arrests at the time? Yes, they knew. But did they know that completely innocent people were being arrested? No, they did not know." Anyone familiar with Nikita's 1956 destalinization speech to the 20th Party Congress knew this to be a lie, for he had openly discussed Stalin's murderous political purges of the 1930s.

Now, he said, was the time to shut up about the dark chapters of history. "All attention is being one-sidedly concentrated on lawlessness and the abuse of power. Here one needs moderation. If all writers began to write only on this topic, what sort of literature would there be? Who would dash for it? Flies, enormous fat flies. Every sort of bourgeois scum from abroad will crawl toward it."

When Khrushchev's speech was over, the stunned audience left the hall wearing the old, familiar stony stares of Stalin's day. It would be hard to force them all into public recantations; in fact, a surprising number stayed silent. But sure enough, some caved in quickly to the cultural purge. Within 48 hours, the Moscow Writers Union had ousted its liberal chairman, Poet Stepan Schchipachov, and replaced him with a regime trusty. And as for hapless Ernest Neizvestny, the sculptor denounced personally by Nikita, he soon showed up in Pravda with an obedient statement, hailing the "Marxist-Leninist world outlook" and promising to "work more, better, more ideologically, more expressively."

"Get Down to Production"

With the idea men out of the way, Khrushchev turned to the painful problem of Russia's factories and farms.

Casting about for a way to boost industrial output, the Premier called a special joint session of the Communist Party Presidium and the government's Council of Ministers, which announced creation of a new, all-powerful Supreme Economic Council, discarding at last the discredited scheme for regional industrial autonomy that was installed in 1957. At the same meeting, Khrushchev scrapped the last two years of his much-touted Seven-Year Plan (1964-65) and ordered the new economic cars to get busy and draft a new set of quotas.

The bouncy Premier also turned up at a Moscow meeting of agricultural experts and explained why he fired the Soviet Agriculture Minister fortnight ago (TAME, March 15). He spent too much time writing directives from Moscow and too little time on the road, inspecting the farms he was ordering about. "The cows can't read directives," scolded Nikita. "All they want is a just exchange: 'You give me fodder, I give you milk.' And of milk and meat, he admitted, there is 'still very, very little. We have already criticized the writers for bad works. You obviously won't do as writers. Better get down to production.'"

MIDDLE EAST

So Near, Yet So Far

As jubilant delegations dashed between Baghdad, Damascus and Cairo last week, the Arab world was awash with joy. Crowds swarmed in the streets chanting the slogan, "Unity, Freedom, Socialism!" In Cairo and Damascus, mobs shouted, "Nasser! Nasser! Union tomorrow!" Iraq's Deputy Premier Ali Saleh Saadi cried, "The Arab world will now certainly unite. This is an old aspiration. What is new is that it has now become possible."

Double Path. The urge to merge brought Syrian and Iraqi leaders flying to Cairo for 15 hours of talks with Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser, the chief beneficiary of the downfall of anti-Nasser regimes in Iraq and Syria. But Nasser had contributed little to the victories that were actually won in both countries by a coalition of Nasserite army officers and politicians of the Baath (Renaissance) Party, which has long promoted the ideal of *Wahadi Arabiya* (Arab oneness).

Though both groups have the same goal of unity, each proposes a separate path. Nasser believes in centralized, authoritarian control. The Baath Party favors "collective leadership" and a democratic parliamentary government. As the talks proceeded, Syria's Deputy Premier Nihad El-Kassem reportedly forced the Baathists in his delegation to accept the Nasserite proposals on a threat of resigning from office.

Total Adherence. The conferees were reported "in close agreement" on a planned union that indicated compromises were being made by both sides. If accepted by individual plebiscites, the union would create a single Arab state of 39 million people with an area as flat as Texas and more than twice its size, and an economy based on the oil of Iraq, the agriculture of Syria, and the industry and cotton of Egypt. The agreement calls for a single political head (almost certain to be Nasser) and a central parliament based on population, which would give Egypt a two-thirds majority.

This central state would be responsible for 1) defense and foreign policy, 2) a socialist economic framework, and 3) unified educational and cultural programs. But within the union, each state would have its own elected popular authority and its own parliament. Not represented in the Cairo talks was primitive Yemen, whose boss, Abdullah Sallal, is propped up by 20,000 Egyptian soldiers, but Sallal cabled Cairo announcing his total adherence to whatever is decided. But at week's end, the reported "close agreement" had apparently run into a snag. The three-power talks unexpectedly broke up and, according to a communiqué, will resume "in a few days."

While trying, at least, to unite verbally in Cairo, Iraq and Syria were still busy last week consolidating their revolutions at home. Iraq, which has already executed 25 local Communist leaders, condemned to death another 51. In feeble retaliation, the Soviet Union created a small riot in

Moscow, where a crowd of several hundred students (including some from Arab countries) was permitted to break windows and throw ink bottles at the Iraqi embassy. The new Baghdad regime also finally settled the 18-month Kurdish rebellion by reaching basic agreement with Kurdish Leader Mustafa Barzani on terms of 1) amnesty for all rebels, 2) release of 2,000 Iraqi soldiers captured in battle, and 3) autonomy for the nation's 1,500,000 Kurds. In Syria, tanks and armored cars were at last withdrawn from Damascus streets although patrols of steel-helmeted troops still remained. Reportedly, about 1,000 prisoners jammed the jails, including 80 local Communists.

Single Floor. Arab nations have often combined before—on paper—without preventing the individual states from going their own anarchic way. A single military command was agreed upon as long ago as

however, played into the hands of the monarchy's critics when he proposed continuing his extravagant four-month convalescence (from heart and political failures) by moving from Switzerland to the French Riviera. For this week, Saud has made reservations at Nice's Hotel Negresco for himself and 130 relatives and retainers, who will occupy all 50 rooms on a single floor, with a special elevator reserved for his personal use.

ALGERIA

The Man Who Came to Dinner

During last month's Rabat conference on North African unity, Morocco's handsome, personable King Hassan II wangled an informal invitation to visit Algeria from the charmed guests in the Algerian delegation. Fact was Algeria's Premier Ahmed ben Bella hit the roof when he



DAMASCUS DEMONSTRATORS CELEBRATING COUP
Wait for what the people cry for.

1951 but never implemented. The new union may eventually prove to be little more than another exercise in rhetoric, but last week the news of its formation sent a thrill of excitement through pro-Nasser elements in Jordan and Saudi Arabia, the two remaining Arab states whose leaders are vocally anti-Nasser.

Some people in the Arab world predict that revolt will strike Jordan within a few weeks, and Saudi Arabia in a matter of months. Jordan's young King Hussein, determined to nip any plot in the bud, spent last week inspecting his Jordanian troops and was greeted with cheers. Jordan's imprisoned Baathist leader, Rifat Audh, broke jail but was quickly recaptured.

In Saudi Arabia, Premier Prince Faisal completed an unprecedented speechmaking swing around the nation and announced that 9,000 men had volunteered for his new national guard. King Saud,

heard the news, for he reserved the honor of the first official visit of a chief of state to Algeria since its independence for a real advocate of "socialist Arab nationalism," Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser. For all Morocco's warm cooperation during the struggle with France, the high-living young monarch's autocratic ideas are anathema to Ben Bella and his crusading idealists. "Hassan is the last person we want to see here at this time," grunted an Algerian official. "But he will be treated as a guest should."

When Hassan landed in Algiers last week, his reception was less than overwhelming. The Algerian honor guard wore sneakers for the arrival ceremony; Algeria's Defense Minister Houari Boumedienne, was in an unadorned civilian overcoat—no medals, no epaulettes—and kept it on even at a state reception that evening. Though Hassan is about as inter-



HASSAN II FLANKED BY BOUMEDIENNE (LEFT) & BEN BELLA
And the guest picked up the check.

ested in socialism as Louis XIV was, his hosts insisted on showing him one state farm and socialist work project after another. At the end of three days, Hassan wore a fixed smile that seemed cemented to his face.

Even on the playing fields, Hassan's visit was a bust; his Moroccan army soccer team was only able to manage a tie with the Algerian squad. Next day, Hassan presented Ben Bella with a gift of a house trailer; all the guest got was a bill for staging the game—stadium rental, bus rental, and the cost of printing the programs. And when it came time to settle the hotel bill, Hassan's hosts pointedly looked the other way; by prior agreement, Hassan footed the bill for his entire 110-man entourage.

SOMALIA

Who Owns What?

It was 9 o'clock on a hot, equatorial night, and the locals were living it up outside Passoni's Grocery Store on the potholed main drag of Mogadishu, capital of Somalia. Italian Settler Passoni, an enterprising sort, was raffling off boxes of groceries. Suddenly, a news bulletin from neighboring Kenya blared from a radio in a bar next door. An instant later, the guttural twitter that is the Somali tongue became an ominous muttering, and the crowd of 500 was on the rampage. Stoning cars, the Somalis marched to the British embassy, touching off three days of shouting, window-smashing riots.

Matter of Heritage. What set off the explosion was announcement by British Colonial Secretary Duncan Sandys that a slice of scrub and sand which borders on Somalia would be made one of seven provinces of Kenya, which is due to get independence next year (TIME, March 15).

As it happens, Kenya's northeast has long been a favorite squatting ground for

nomadic Somali tribesmen, who herd their camels and goats back and forth across the Horn of Africa without heed to national borders. Fiercely independent, the illiterate Moslem tribesmen fight savagely among themselves for grazing land, for this is the possession they hold most dear. A proud people, tall, lithe and fine-featured, the Somalis are Hamitic in origin, descended in part from 7th century Arabs who crossed into Africa from Yemen. Forever vain about their heritage, they are also accustomed to having their own way.

The Somalis began running into the stubborn objections of others shortly after Somalia (pop. 2,000,000) won independence in 1960 and began building a nation out of former Italian Somalia and British Somaliland. Emperor Haile Selassie coldly said no to Somalia's insistence on annexation of an Ethiopian border area containing 1,000,000 Somalis. France likewise refused to give up French Somaliland, where 600,000 Somalis live.

And though the bleak, barren slice of territory inside Kenya harbors 200,000 Somalis, Kenya's black nationalist leaders, led by ex-Mau Mau Chieftain Jomo ("Burning Spear") Kenyatta, have always vowed that loss of their northeast corner would mean war with their own black Rendilles, who cover themselves with feathers; with their Turkanas, who wear little except mud hats; and with the Marilles, who wear only rifles. Thus, Britain's Sandys was bound to make enemies—and to risk violence—no matter what his decision about Kenya's frontier.

Spearing the Commissioner. No Somali saw it that way. Mobs surging through Mogadishu's heat (100° plus) had to be broken up by mounted police swinging long batons; before the disturbance was quelled, some 500 people were arrested. In Hargeisa, the onetime capital of British Somaliland, crowds stoned British homes and cars, attacked the British consulate. Presumably because of Britain's close ties to the U.S., newly arrived U.S. Ambassador Horace Torbert was stoned out of the town of Galcaio, his Land-Rover narrowly outdistancing a mob of 1,000 men, women and children. In Kenya itself, a Somali tribesman speared a district commissioner. Lieut. Colonel John Balfour, and one mob hauled down the Union Jack.

Restoring internal order with troops, Somalia's Premier Abdirashid Ali Shermarke called the National Assembly into session, demanded that "relations with Britain be revised." As the debate droned on, the British hoped that passions might cool. But at week's end the outraged Deputies voted 74 to 14 to break off diplomatic relations with London, though it seemed clear that consular ties would be retained; such a compromise appeared appropriate in view of the fact that the British were to supply Somalia with \$3,600,000 in aid this year.

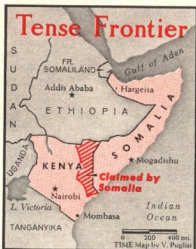
With a sigh and a shrug, Britain's Mogadishu embassy began packing up, and in London the British government suggested that it "will at an appropriate time" reconsider the whole Northeast Kenya question.

SOUTH KOREA

The Heat's Off

Ever since he lifted his ban on civilian political activity last January, the heat has been on South Korean Strongman General Park Chung Hee. Anger over the strong-arm tactics of the feared Central Intelligence Agency forced Park to sack his top hatchet man (and nephew by marriage), C.I.A. Boss Kim Chong Pil. Investigations revealed wholesale corruption within South Korea's C.I.A., and charges were leveled that Park had done nothing to relieve South Korea's economic chaos. Threatened with civil war by disaffected members of his own military junta, Park reluctantly bowed out of the forthcoming civilian presidential race.

Last week the general decided to turn off the heat. Reneging on his promise to restore civilian rule, Park slapped a ban





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on all political parties, prohibited "political agitation" in the press, jailed 30 plotters—including some former junta members—accused of trying to overthrow his regime. Ignoring the resignation of his Cabinet, Park suspended next May's scheduled elections, announced that the populace instead would vote in a new referendum designed to keep him in absolute power for another four years.

ISRAEL

Jew Against Jew

In the four-month trial of Adolf Eichmann, one dark chapter of the Nazi holocaust was never fully brought out: the rule of Nazi-organized councils of Jewish elders in European ghettos. Backed by their own high-booted Jewish police, the councils compiled death lists of Jews and rounded up their own people for deportation to Nazi extermination camps. Refusal to help Eichmann's "transportation" experts would have meant immediate death, but always there was the agonizing moral dilemma: even under duress, was cooperation not betrayal? Last week Israeli Prosecutor David Libai gave the state's answer in the first trial of a Jewish policeman who served the Nazis. Its answer was yes.

In the dock of a tiny, drab Tel Aviv courtroom, head buried in his hands, sat the assistant conductor of the Israel National Opera, Hirsch Barenblat, 48, former commander of the Jewish police in Bedzin, Poland. For two years after he managed to get to Israel in 1958, Barenblat attracted no particular attention. Then, during introductions at a concert in a kibbutz, a member of the audience suddenly leaped up and shouted: "Barenblat, I remember you! You murdered Jews!" The concert broke up amidst angry confusion. In 1961, after a police investigation, Barenblat was arrested and charged under the Israeli law punishing

Nazis and their collaborators who were members of "hostile organizations"—the same law under which Eichmann was tried as a Gestapo member, and which the government now wants extended to include the Jewish police. In Barenblat's case, the maximum penalty would be seven to ten years in prison on each of twelve specific accusations of persecution.

On the opening day of what looked to be a drawn-out trial, a Tel Aviv carpenter tearfully recalled that Barenblat's Jewish police once trooped back from a round-up in Bedzin "loudly singing, as if from a victorious engagement," described how they herded Jewish men, women and children into trucks headed for Auschwitz. "Even the streets wept," the witness said. Prosecutor Libai conceded that Barenblat saved "maybe ten or 20 Jews," but added: "This court will have to decide whether to save his own soul he was entitled to carry out the tasks of the Jewish police."

Defense Attorney Arieh Rosenblum, supporting Barenblat's plea of innocence, said that his conduct was justifiable, and argued that he was acquitted of collaborationist charges after the war by a Polish court. "The Jewish police," Rosenblum said, "cannot be regarded as hostile to the Jewish people. Their intention was not hostility. They did not seek to exterminate Jews; they served what they deemed the best interests of the Jewish community under the worst possible circumstances."

IRAN

Water & Blood

On a platform jutting from a sheer, 1,500-ft. gorge in the Zagros Mountains, the Shah of Iran picked up a ceremonial telephone and spoke an order. Seconds later, tons of water from the Ab-i-Diz River below crashed through sluice gates and began turning giant dynamos. A knot of Cabinet ministers, diplomats and engineers burst into hat-waving cheers as, down in the canyon, electricity began flowing into Moslem villages that had never before known the magic of plug-in power.

Thus last week Iran's huge, \$67.2 million "Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlavi Dam," highest in the Middle East,^o went into operation as another feather in the crown of the country's 43-year-old reform-minded monarch. To help finance the dam, the World Bank loaned Iran \$42 million, but the rest of the cash came from the Shah's \$300 million annual oil revenues. To oversee the project, Iran picked two ex-chairmen of the U.S.'s Tennessee Valley Authority, David E. Lilienthal and Gordon R. Clapp, who now head a Manhattan-based consulting firm. Last week's inauguration was right on schedule, just one year and five months after the first concrete was poured.

The dam's principal purpose is to bring fertility back to desolate Khuzistan province, an area the size of Michigan in southwest Iran, near the Persian Gulf.

^o Rising 647 ft., it will top Egypt's still-abuilding Assuan High Dam by 211 ft.



Twenty-five centuries ago, Khuzistan was the fabled fertile granary of the ancient Persian empire. But the region has since eroded into a virtual wasteland; the last major reclamation attempt was a system of irrigation canals dug by King Shapur II in 300 A.D. The new dam will water 360,000 acres, and provide electricity even for the province's remotest villages and five cities, including the oil-refining center of Abadan, opening the way for industrialization.

In the long run, Iran hopes to build 13 more dams to irrigate much of the semiarid land currently being handed out to peasants under the Shah's big agrarian reform program, which was approved 1,000-to-1 in a national referendum in January. With the nation behind him, the Shah has pushed steadily ahead with his land split-up, despite loud outcries from the big landowners. A few weeks ago, one outraged group, the nomadic Qashqai (pronounced gosh guy) tribesmen, who herd cattle in the Southern province of Fars, registered its protest by attacking Iranian police posts, killing ten officers and men. When the dissident Qashqai refused to surrender and were joined by malcontents of two other tribes, the Shah grimly ordered his air force to crush the revolt. Peeling out of the sun, his U.S.-made F-36 jets last week flashed down on the rebels with bombing and strafing runs that left an estimated 150 tribesmen sprawled dead in the plains.



HIRSCH BARENBLAT
"Even the streets wept."

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PHILLIPS & GARLAND
Like who could go on singing?

For once all her troubles were small ones, which made a nice change of pace in the saga of Singer **Judy Garland**, 40. First, Judy flew to London to toast her new film, *I Could Go On Singing*, and buss British juvenile Gregory Phillips, 15, who plays her son. So far, so good. Then back to Manhattan, where real-life daughter Liza Minnelli, 17, appearing on TV with Jack Paar and struggling through rehearsals for an off-Broadway musical, had fractured a bone in her foot. Finally the trolley ran out of gas, and Judy, laid low by flu in her St. Regis Hotel suite, couldn't have felt less like singing.

From his plush refuge in suburban Madrid, onetime Argentine Strongman **Juan Perón**, 67, last fall penned a petition to the Bishop of Madrid, begging remission of his 1955 excommunication, which followed many outrages against the church, climaxed by his expulsion of two Catholic prelates from Argentina. To the Vatican went Perón's appeal, accompanied by a recommendation from the bishop which convinced the Holy See that here was a true repentant. The request was approved, and the black sheep is back in the fold.

Sold recently on the New York Stock Exchange were 75,000 shares, or \$3,675,000 worth of common stock, in the Columbia Broadcasting System by Board Chairman **William S. Paley**, 61. His remaining CBS investment: \$66,000 shares worth \$44,382,500.

Quoth the sunburned satirist: "I look like a peeling billboard." Thus out of the bush near Nairobi, Kenya, strewing pearls of wisdom to mark his trail, came a horn-rimmed, slyly befuddled big white hunter known to civilized nations as Humorist **S. J. Perelman**, 50. Having bagged a Broadway comedy hit, *The Beauty Part*, Perelman was an author in search of "four magazine articles." At the end of his Land-Roving safari through Kenya, he caromed up to London, hoping later to join a tiger shoot in India, then on to Burma and Bangkok to see what the jet-set drifters were doing for laughs.

Ill lay: the Right Rev. **Arthur Lichtenberger**, 63, Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, with Parkinson's disease, continuing in office on a severely limited schedule of appointments

PEOPLE

and public speeches; **Bette Davis**, 54, 1963 Oscar nominee, confined to her room at Manhattan's Hotel Plaza, battling flu; **Ted Weems**, 62, bandleader, on the critical list after an emergency tracheotomy to aid breathing (tentative diagnosis: stroke); at Hillcrest Medical Center, Tulsa.

Some old tunes are apt to sound mighty familiar when the Tommy Dorsey band goes touring this May with its new featured vocalist, **Frank Sinatra Jr.**, 19, son of Sinatra's first marriage. Raised by his mother Nancy in Beverly Hills, Frank Jr. quietly attended local public and private schools, still plans to continue drama studies at the University of Southern California. But once he cuts loose on the songs that Daddy taught him, history may well repeat itself. During an impromptu public appearance at Disneyland last summer, one youngish matron came up to the bandstand and purred: "That was almost like the Paramount Theater in 1944."

The way he dodged newsmen in The Netherlands, **Henry Ford II**, 45, must have had something big in the works. A new auto design for Europe? Nope. A new yacht for Ford? Yes! Under construction at a Hague shipyard, the 100-ft. yacht has twin diesels for 18-knot cruising speed, a salt-water conversion plant, sumptuous guest cabins, and a master's suite with an Italian terrazzo-tile bath fitted with gold taps. Rumored cost: close to \$700,000. "If one of my friends gets details about this boat," Ford told his builders, "he'll immediately order a bigger, faster, more luxurious one."

"France can keep Mona Lisa, Sweden can have Ingrid, Italy can keep Gina, Monaco can keep Grace, Washington doesn't need them." And why not? "Because," drawled Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson, "we have **Lindy Boggs**." Toss-



LINDY, LADY BIRD & LYNDON
So who needs the Mona Lisa?



FRANK JR. & FRIEND
Like the Paramount in '44.

ing a winding of a birthday party for vivacious **Lindy Boggs**, wife of House Democratic Whip Hale Boggs, were Lyndon and his Lady Bird, who is fast becoming one of Washington's mostes' hostesses. A heart-shaped cake proclaimed **Lindy "Everybody's Sweetheart."** and the Veep added further encomiums with a gold-tooled album inscribed "Woman of the Year Every Year."

London, already astrir with preparations for the April wedding of **Princess Alexandra** of Kent, 26, to Angus Ogilvy, 34, second son of the Earl of Airliie, began to bubble in earnest as effervescent Alexandra announced that her chief bridesmaid for the ceremony in Westminster Abbey will be Princess Anne, 12. The couple's gift list, filed at Harrods of Knightsbridge as a handy guide for friends, indicates that they would welcome, among other things, bathroom scales, a portable barbecue, an onyx cigarette box, a toaster, Swedish decanters.

"May I show you how I stand on my head?" said the fiddle player to the Premier. Then both removed their shoes and jackets and went upsy-daisy to discuss the esoteric art of yoga. It was peppery Israeli Premier **David Ben-Gurion**, 76, paying a courtesy call on Violinist **Yehudi Menuhin**, 46, after Menuhin's performance of a Shostakovich concerto at a kibbutz on the Sea of Galilee. What one man didn't know about music, the other didn't know about politics, but they got along fine. Yoga, confided Menuhin, is the best treatment for his slipped disc, and Ben-Gurion, coming head-over-heels again, told how he had cleared up his lumbago the same way.

The man who started all those 50-mile hikes, Marine Corps Commandant **David M. Shoup**, 58, came due for a bit of ribbing when the Indiana Society of Washington named him "Hoosier of the Year." But Shoup, a native of Battle Ground, Ind., took it in stride when the band played *Let's Take an Old-Fashioned Walk*. In his acceptance speech, the general warmed anew to the pleasures of the great outdoors, complimented Wife Zola, his faithful camping companion on many a . . . But then he stopped himself. "What have I said? I hope the whole world doesn't take off on a camping spree next week."

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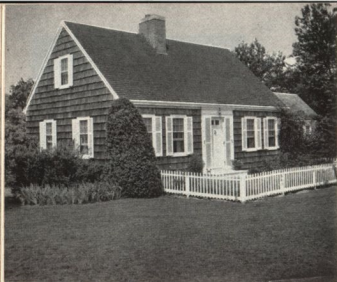
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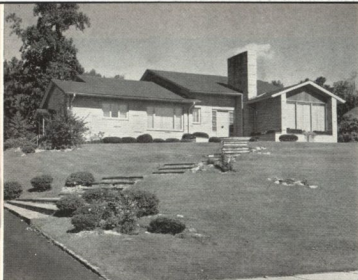
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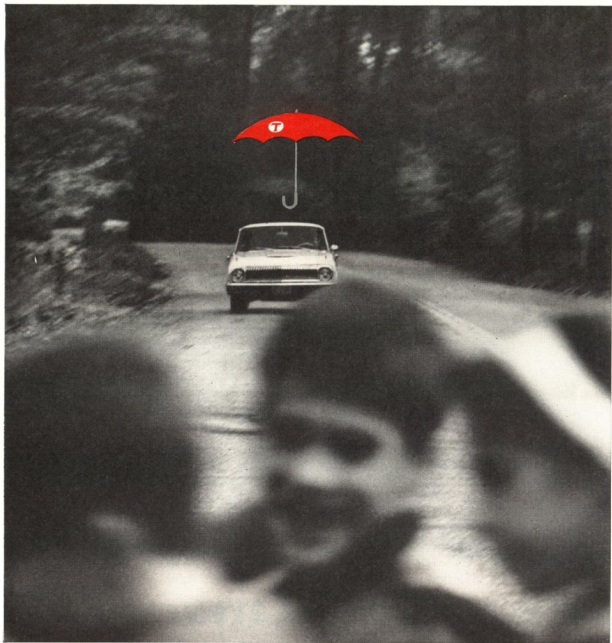
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MUSIC



TENOR MCCrackEN WITH GABRIELLA TUCCI IN "OTELLO"
Motive enough for murder, agony enough for song.

OPERA

A Day's Work

When he left the Metropolitan Opera in 1957, Tenor James McCracken was understandably bitter. In four black years at the Met, he had been all but buried beneath a mountain of spear-carrier costumes. "I was pretty disappointed," he says now, "but I was determined to come back singing the great parts." Last week McCracken came back, and in grander style than most spear carriers could dream of: he sang Otello in the premiere of a lavish new Met production.

From the first note of the *Esculato* that introduces Otello, McCracken was in perfect control. His powerful portrayal of Otello's fatal jealousy had just the right measure of Moorish grief to provide motive enough for murder, and agony enough for a whole flight of heroic high notes. His voice sailed easily over the orchestra even when the musicians were at excessively symphonic pitch—the one element of real excitement in an otherwise hushed performance.

Wholly Devoted. McCracken's first tour at the Met did little more than complicate his life by elevating his taste. "Standing up to sing *Home on the Range* used to be a big deal for me," he says, recalling life back in Gary, Ind., where his father was fire chief. But after a year in the Roxy Theater chorus (four shows a day for 291 days running), some brief bad luck on Broadway, and a distant whiff of glory at the Met, he was wholly devoted to opera. He and his mezzo-soprano wife, Sandra Warfield, moved off to Bonn for a year, then to Milan for two, in search of the experience the Met had denied him. Europeans were quick to recognize the value of McCracken's voice, but though he sounded just right for lyric romantic roles, his size cost him the job: he is 5 ft. 10 in. tall, weighs 270 lbs., and has a 32-in. chest—eight inches bigger

than Sonny Liston's and twelve bigger than Jayne Mansfield's.

With some small successes behind him, McCracken went to Washington, D.C., three years ago to sing his first Otello. His mastery of the part won him other bookings in it, and since then he has sung the role more than 50 times in ten different productions. For all his familiarity with the Moor, he still dwells on Otello's mysteries and often the tragedy of it gets to him. "Sometimes the death of Otello affects me so much," he says, "that tears fall and I begin to choke up. That's no good. The audience gets nothing."

Boy Oh Boy! McCracken will sing his Otello nine more times this season in New York and on the Met's seven-city tour. On March 23 the performance will be broadcast, and on April 7 McCracken will sing two arias and two duets from the opera over ABC-TV's *Voice of Firestone*.

He is quite content to let Wagnerian heroes' roles await him while he plays out his fascination with Otello. "I love Otello," he says. "It's done so much for me that I'd hate to say another is my favorite role. Putting out those tones—boy oh boy, that's a day's work."

La Capanna dello Zio Tom

"This is a story about good and bad niggers," said the English translation of the program notes supplied for tourists. It was a story about Zio Tom, Signor Legree and Piccola Eva, a story about slavery in harsh old Kentucky. The premiere production of Luigi Ferrari Trecate's *Zio Tom* (Uncle Tom) at the Rome Opera House celebrated the centenary of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, but Rome found it a masterpiece of contemporary social realism. "Poveri negri!" (Poor Negroes), enthusiasts shouted from the balconies, and next morning the Rome press chimed in. "A great opera and a great story," said *Il Messaggero*. "The fight for freedom belongs to eternity, and where could it be better fought than on the stage of the Rome Opera House?"

All through the '40s, Composer Ferrari Trecate had searched for a way to express his hatred of tyranny. But while he strained for inspiration, the Fascists fell in Italy and the Nazis fell in Germany and poor Ferrari Trecate was left back at the Parma Music Conservatory without a regime to hate. Then his problem was solved. "I wanted to bring a little offering to human liberty to the world," he recalls, "and I wanted to bring the problem of enslavement to the public eye. As soon as I read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the Christian thought of Harriet Beecher Stowe seduced my mind."

Working with an Italian libretto supplied by a former pupil, Ferrari Trecate had his three-act opera written within a year. But after one quiet 1953 performance in Parma, it lay forgotten until Rome decided to produce it again. Its minor-key Italianate melodies, skillfully woven into



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choral passages that hint of Negro spirituals, are warm and rich in legato beauty, completely devoid of any modernisms, reminiscent of Puccini. The first-night audience in Rome greeted it with 20 curtain calls, and Roman critics pronounced it good enough for the regular repertory.

But the program notes had their problems. The Italian translator, true to his Stowe, wrote "niggers" for "negri" (which means Negroes in Italian). "This is the usual meeting place of all the niggers," read the notes, thereby offending everybody. Most Americans are now aware that Negroes consider Uncle Tomism their most regressive trait, and it was surprising to see the long-suffering old quising revived once again as liberty's champion.

Still, Ferrari Trecate's heart was clearly in the right place, and his opera had the antic appeal of an American tragedy written by an Italian who has never seen America. "My entire knowledge of American music is from the gramophone records I listen to in Parma," the 78-year-old professor explained. "I have been to America only in my dreams. I will be happy if my opera is performed again, but I must admit that my greatest ambition is to write music for the films of Walt Disney."

HARPSICHORDISTS

Such Sweet Clawing

His back is curved as a barrel stave, and his chin kisses his chest. He looks like Satan grown chubby, but his deepest pleasure is the most innocent in Christendom—playing the harpsichord. His sweet music is brilliant and astonishingly rich, but at the end of a concert he can melt with a mundane gesture the mystic spell he has taken an evening to build. "I'm Fernando Valenti," he will say, extending a moist, pudgy hand. "Thank you very much for listening to me."

The Rat Race. Three players alone preside over the audience of baroque music aficionados left behind four years ago by Wanda Landowska, the harpsichord's high priestess. Today's masters are Ralph Kirkpatrick, Sylvia Marlowe and Valenti, and their tight little world is tense with competition: vassal harpsichordists nourish the strain by running joyously to one master with rumors of another's poor recital. Valenti has little taste for this suspicious sport; he would, if anything, prefer to withdraw.

As far as his fans in New York are concerned, Valenti might just as well have been out of town for the past ten years; even though he lives in the city, constantly makes records (53 albums since 1951), teaches at Juilliard, he gives recitals almost everywhere but home. "I'd rather avoid the rat race in New York," he says. In 1960, his records were withdrawn. Then last November, Valenti played to a packed house at Carnegie Recital Hall, and three of his albums were promptly reissued. Two weeks ago, he played there again, and now Westminster Records is ready to restore dozens more Valenti albums to the record shops.

Valenti's reluctance to play Manhat-



ALFRED VALENTI

HARPSICHORDIST VALENTI
Adapting Bach to bossa nova.

tan recitals is his own mystery—he is a complex virtuoso who talks of feeling unready, being too busy, hurting his hand in Spain some years ago. But when he does play, it is invariably a triumph—both for Valenti and for the friends who have pushed him into it. Friends even help finance his career; the \$6,000 instrument he plays is a gift from a twelve-man fan club called "The Friends of Valenti."

When Valenti works hard at it, the harpsichord business is terrific. He has already recorded 350 of Domenico Scarlatti's 555 sonatas, and the demand for his records has pushed him into some of the worst harpsichord music ever written: "First we did the flute and harpsichord sonatas of Bach. They went well, so we did the sonatas of Handel—which are bad Bach. They sold; so next we did the sonatas of Telemann—bad Handel. Then came the works of Frederick the Great—which are awful Telemann. We even considered the music of Frederick's sister Amalia—terrible Frederick the Great."

Nothing Sacred. At 36, Valenti, who was born in Manhattan, has refined his technique over 19 years of study until he is now the most exciting of the masters. He can color his music with crescendos and diminuendos denied to most players by the nature of the instrument (the strings are plucked by quills or leather picks instead of being struck by hammers), and with the clawlike attack characteristic of master players, he makes the most mechanical of instruments sound completely unmechanical.

Unlike most dwellers in the baroque, Valenti finds nothing sacred in his craft. He treats the old masters with fidelity and devotion, but he has also commissioned a harpsichord sonata from a former jazz pianist, and he plays it with relish at many of his concerts. He once played a four-week engagement in a Manhattan nightclub, and right now he is busy at home, adapting a movement from a Bach *partita* to a bossa nova beat.

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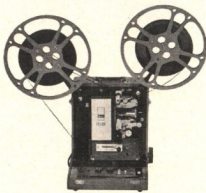
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EDUCATION

SCHOOLS

Ungraded Primary

The Edmonds school district north of Seattle is a once rural area that in ten years of suburban spread has acquired almost 22,000 schoolchildren. With such pressure, its schools might well be awful. But so appealing is its remarkable Maple Park Elementary School that people living outside its area have been known to smuggle in their kids by parking them with legal residents. The lure at Maple Park, first public school of its kind in the Pacific Northwest, is the "ungraded pri-

phony promotion nor faced with the disgrace and inefficiency of taking a whole year over; he simply works at his level until ready to move up.

Freed of cowering competition, "late bloomers" may take off suddenly, whisking through a year's work in a few weeks. For the bright but immature child, who may do three years' work in 1½ years, level eight is followed by an intellectual furlough: level nine for "enrichment" reading and growing while glands catch up with brains. Levels ten to 18 cover the usual grades three to six; level 19 is another pause for extra-brights. Maple



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DIFFERENT AGES IN SAME CLASS

mary"—a new way of organizing grade schools that may soon become standard across the U.S.

Gone at Maple Park (776 pupils) is the old grade unit of 30 or so children, all given the same assignments and expected to cover the same ground at the same pace. Good teachers know how unrealistic this is. In mental development, children of the same age may be as much as four years apart. To treat them all alike is to bore the bright or daunt the dull without doing enough for the average either.

Room for Bloom. The new way, geared to individual differences, is to banish formal grades and group children according to performance. Instead of grades one to six, Maple Park confronts a child with a 19-rung ladder—19 "levels" of scholastic achievement. The object is to let the child climb at his own pace, moving from one level to the next not by a fixed calendar but according to his achievement. He is always in a homogeneous class of the same general ability, even though the other children may be younger or older.

Moving up is determined by the teacher's judgment, based on a formal check list. At level-seven arithmetic, for example, the child must know simple fractions and Roman numerals. If he has trouble mastering them, he is neither given a

Park kids then go on to junior high school, some after only five years of school, some after seven.

Teaching Is a Pleasure. Most parents are wildly enthusiastic, and Maple Park has research to prove that children in graded schools are, age for age, behind on almost every count, notably in reading and arithmetic. Teachers give the system all the credit. "The best recommendation is that we all bring our own children here," says one. Class loads are confusing; a teacher may have 35 pupils one week, and then, after some level shifting, 20 the next. But each group is so harmonious that teaching is a pleasure. One teacher calls it "an inspiration to teach in a school that meets each child's needs without frustrating him." The few complaints are mostly from parents whose kids seem to be moving slowly. "The plan makes a wonderful scapegoat if the school can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," says Principal Miriam Burton.

The pent-up bully is almost unknown at Maple Park, and children disturbed by sickness, divorce of parents, newborn brothers or sisters, or a death in the family, get a break. While facing up to the problem, they can slow down at school, thus heal emotions faster. Scott Warren, now eleven, was once so ill that he missed

more than half a year of first-grade fundamentals. In a graded school, says his teacher mother, he might never have caught up. "In the ungraded plan, he missed absolutely nothing, going along very slowly until he was able to step up with the fast group."

One child sums up the benefits of the ungraded primary with a simple and heartfelt judgment. "You know where you are here," he says.

TEACHERS


Baker v. Baylor

In his 28 years at Baylor University, Drama Professor Paul Baker turned the Texas Baptist school into a renowned center of experimental theater. The Waco wizard's 1953 *Othello* split the tortured Moor into three separate characters; later he got Actor Burgess Meredith to be anchor prince in a three-faceted *Hamlet*. To train graduate students, in 1959 he opened a stunning repertory theater in Dallas, the only theater designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. In baffled admiration, the late Charles Laughton once called Baker "crude, irritating, arrogant, nuts and a genius."

But Baptist-founded Baylor is going to lose Baker, even if he is its main claim to academic fame. Man and school have fallen out in a dispute that started in December, when Baker's 170-seat Baylor Theater staged Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night*. To one performance came some church-sponsored teen-age girls. Grownups accompanying them were shocked at O'Neill's dialogue—no four-letter words, but a drizzle of expletives such as "goddam whore!" When they protested, Baylor's President Abner McCall ordered Baker to delete the profanity as "not in good taste for a church-related university."

Baker had cut profanity from earlier plays, but this time he refused; for one thing, O'Neill's widow, in authorizing the production, had stipulated that no cuts be made. McCall closed the play and 190 Baptist ministers all over Texas gave him a rousing vote of support. Baker stewed for a couple of months, and then resigned as of the school year's end. "We didn't know what we would be faced with on this kind of censorship set in," he explained. With him went not only his wife, who has taught math at Baylor for 24 years, but also all eleven members of his drama department.

But Baker is not out of a job. San Antonio's aggressive Trinity University, a Presbyterian school, has delightedly hired Alumnus Baker (33) as head of its speech and drama department as of next fall. (He continues as director of the Dallas Theater, which is independent of Baylor.) Last week Trinity also took on five of his Baylor colleagues, plans to give Baker a new drama building and campus theater. The Baptists still are not sorry. As one minister explained it, college and professional theater are two different things, and of late "the plays at Baylor have been approaching the professional level."



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The patio, Dorado Golf Club, Puerto Rico, a relaxing place to sip a Derby Daiquiri. John Stewart photograph.

Suddenly everybody's drinking the Derby Daiquiri

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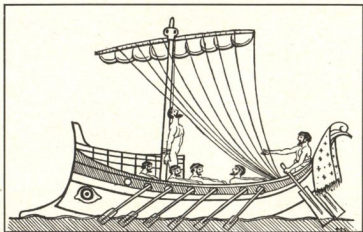
RECIPE: 1 oz. fresh orange juice; ½ oz. Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix; cup crushed ice; 1½ oz. dry, white Puerto Rican rum. Mix 20 seconds in Waring Blender.

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BRONZE AGE SHIP AFLOAT



PETER THROCKMORTON—NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

ON BOTTOM

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ARCHAEOLOGY

The Ships of Homer's Time Are There to Be Explored

Then he fenced the whole from stem to stern with willow withes to be a defence against the wave, and strewn much brush thereon.

—The *Odyssey*

With the help of the sea nymph Calypso, far-wandering Odysseus prepared to sail for home across the wine-dark sea. But when he had finished his boat, why did he cover the bilge with a layer of brushwood? Generations of scholars have sweated over the passage without producing a satisfactory answer. One theory holds that brush is only a mistranslation of ballast; some classicists argue that Odysseus was merely making a bed. A few despairing translators have ignored the brush entirely. Not until recently, when archaeologists learned to skindive, was the puzzling passage explained.

Protected Treasure. The invention of Aqua-Lungs, says University of Pennsylvania Archaeologist George F. Bass in *The American Scholar*, has opened rich opportunities for students of the past. Ever since the Stone Age, says Bass, men have sailed the Mediterranean. Often their ships came to grief, carrying to the bottom samples of the goods and treasures of each period of history. Under the deep, still water, the wrecks and their cargoes rested for thousands of years, protected from the plundering hands of later generations.

Then came Aqua-Lungs, and sportsmen skindivers rummaged in ancient wrecks. They pulled out interesting souvenirs, but since they lacked the archaeologists' precise knowledge and delicate skills, they learned next to nothing. The wrecks are now in trained hands. Archaeologists themselves are dressing in flippers and Aqua-Lungs and diving to ancient wrecks to excavate them properly.

One such archaeological dive, says Bass, concentrated on a Bronze Age wreck found by sponge fishermen in 90 ft. of water near the Turkish coast, off Cape

Gelidonya. With the same finicky techniques that archaeologists use on land, the water-borne scientists photographed the ancient vessel from above by swimming over it with underwater cameras—a preliminary process already reported in the *National Geographic*. They marked the crust of lime that covered the remains and carefully chiseled it into chunks that were lifted to the surface by inflated plastic balloons. Bit by bit the wreck was moved ashore and reassembled.

Floating Factory. Months of leisurely study showed the wreck to be a small merchantman about 30 ft. long. Fragments of pottery dated it back to around 1200 B.C., the late Bronze Age that Homer wrote about. Bits of planking preserved under the cargo show that the ship was probably built of Syrian wood and in Syria. She must have touched at Cyprus, the ancient copper center, to pick up a ton of copper ingots, stamped with Cypro-Minoan signs. She also carried ingots of tin, probably from Syria, that have long since turned to white oxide. Packed in wicker baskets, are fragments of broken bronze tools, weapons and household utensils. Apparently the ship was a floating factory, turning copper, tin and bronze scrap into equipment for warriors, farmers and housewives of the Homeric Age.

Some of the unbroken tools, bronze adzes and axes, must be much like those that Calypso gave to Odysseus: the planks of the sunken ship are joined with dowels, just as in Odysseus' craft. And under the mass of copper ingots, the diving archaeologists found brushwood with the bark still on the twigs. Even after 3,200 years, the stuff could be identified as coming from Cyprus. Undoubtedly it had been spread to protect the planking from the heavy ingots. So scholars need no longer be bothered about the brushwood of the *Odyssey*. Thanks to skindiving colleagues, they know now that Homer meant exactly what he said.

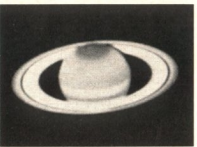
SCIENCE

ASTRONOMY

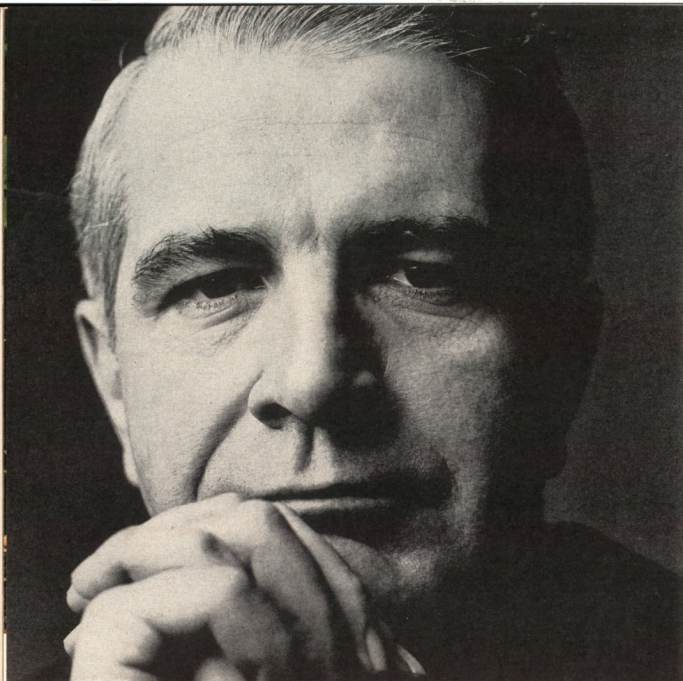
Like a Diamond in the Sky

Bright with reflected sunlight, and spread across 169,300 miles of space, the rings of Saturn gleam through telescopes as one of the most glorious sights in the sky. They seem as solid and substantial as Saturn itself. But astronomers know better: the great rings are really next to nothing at all. Stars shine right through them, and when they turn edge-on toward earth they vanish completely. This should not be surprising, say Drs. Allan Cook and Fred Franklin of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory at Cambridge, Mass. The beautiful rings, as the two astronomers see them, are less than 8 in. thick.

When the earth is between the sun and Saturn and sunlight is falling on the rings from over the earth's shoulder, the rings get suddenly brighter. This effect can be explained by an assumption that the rings are made of small particles, probably ice, and that the nearer ones cover the shadows that they cast on others. Cook and Franklin measured the rate of brightening with precise modern instruments and decided that about one-twentieth of the rings' volume is filled with particles of ice-fog that are about one-thousandth of an inch in diameter. Only if they are arranged in a sheet less than 8 in. thick will those tiny bits of ice cover one another's shadows just enough to cause the rings' sudden brightening.



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MEDICINE

ANESTHETICS

A Gas & the Liver

When halothane was introduced as an anesthetic in 1956, it seemed nearly perfect. Unlike ether and cyclopropane, it is both nonflammable and nonexplosive—a valuable asset in the modern operating room crammed with electronic gadgetry. It causes patients a minimum of discomfort and, it seemed, could do them no harm at all. It rapidly became widely used. But last week doctors were disturbed by reports in the *New England Journal of Medicine* that halothane might

dentistry, the anesthetic art has become vastly more complex and has developed into a new specialty. Only an M.D. can be an anesthesiologist. Except in emergencies, he studies the patient in advance of operations, to decide what anesthetics will be safest and most effective.

Long before the operation, often the night before, the patient gets a preanesthetic, usually a barbiturate, to quiet him down. In the morning, he may get more of the same, or a morphine-type drug, or both. Next, atropine to help keep mucus from clogging his air passages. In the operating room at last, a clout of barbitu-



ANESTHESIOLOGIST ADMINISTERING HALOTHANE MIXTURE
Too valuable to lose.

have caused as many as ten deaths by damaging the patient's liver.

Halothane ($C_2HBrClF_3$) is chemically kin to chloroform, which has long been accused of causing occasional liver damage. First synthesized in England in 1951, halothane was cautiously tested and carefully evaluated. By the time it was released for U.S. distribution by Ayerst Laboratories under the trade name Fluothane, it had been judged harmless in 10,000 human cases.

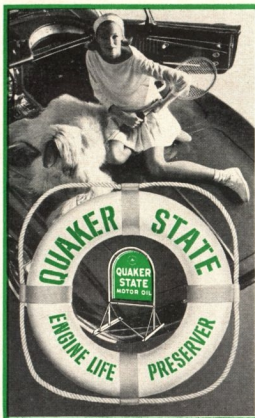
The *New England Journal's* warning covered reports from three topflight medical centers (Manhattan's Columbia-Presbyterian, Stanford University and the University of Michigan) of cases in which patients died after otherwise successful operations under halothane. Some autopsies showed the liver to have become a mass of dead tissue. Some patients who survived had liver disease for weeks or months.

Multiple Medicines. Since the wash-buckling practitioners of a century ago popularized ether, chloroform and nitrous oxide ("laughing gas") in surgery and

rate (often thiopental sodium) to put him to sleep. Then the anesthesiologist rigs the patient with a mask—or, especially for chest operations, a tube inserted through the mouth and down the windpipe. Even that is not all in many cases: an intravenous drug resembling curare (arrow poison) relaxes his muscles. Only when the anesthesiologist nods assent can the surgeon make the first cut. Any time one of his monitoring gadgets flashes a danger signal, the anesthesiologist may tell the surgeon to stop his cutting.

Fast Recovery. Every anesthetic has such potential dangers that it must be used with caution. With halothane, the dosage is especially critical. But it won't win approval because it quickly gets the patient to a level of unconsciousness at which the operation can begin. Patients "come out" faster and feel better after operations, because they usually have less nausea and other discomforts. After years of experience with it, an eminent British anesthesiologist dubbed halothane "the universal anesthetic."

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LORD & TAYLOR, New York; J. L. HUDSON, Detroit; CARSON, PIRIE SCOTT, Chicago; MAY CO., Los Angeles; FAMOUS-BARR, St. Louis; and fine stores everywhere. Or write: Jonathan Logan, Inc. 1407 Broadway, N.Y. 18.

SLIGHTLY HIDDEN IN THE WEST

operations in the last five years under halothane. Even if all the deaths and illnesses now charged against the gas were proved, its safety record would still be impressive: in the previous five years, about as many patients were killed or severely injured in operating room explosions of anesthetics.

Alerted U.S. anesthesiologists are planning to go right on using it, but cautiously. It probably should not be given twice within two or three months to the same patient. Physicians will watch, both before and after an operation, for signs of liver disorder. Stanford's Dr. John Bunker, one of a team reporting two deaths, says that "on the basis of what seems to be an almost infinitesimal number of complications from halothane, I don't think a moratorium on the drug is justifiable now." The Food and Drug Administration, still studying the reports, was inclined to agree. Some claims for halothane may have been too good to be true, but the anesthetic is still too good to lose.

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

Attack & Repulse

An old enemy was driven away from a major U.S. military base last week after a sneak raid in which it claimed five casualties, one of them fatal, and kept more than 12,000 men on a 48-hour alert. The attacker was only a familiar microbe, but it demonstrated a dramatic killing power.

Fortnight ago, Seaman Recruit Joseph Wilkowski reported to sick bay at the San Diego Naval Training Center. From his symptoms—including stiff neck and a rash—the medics decided they were up against meningitis, inflammation of the protective sheathing of the spinal cord and brain. And among the many microbes that can cause meningitis, they identified the cause of Wilkowski's illness as the meningococcus.

This kind of meningitis used to be fatal in 70% of cases. But now the Navy doctors had no need to panic. It was at this same San Diego base 20 years ago that sulfa drugs had proved an almost sure cure for meningococcal meningitis and, no less important, a superb preventive. Wilkowski, severely ill, had to have sulfadiazine intravenously, so he got penicillin as well. All 80 men in his company were ordered to take sulfadiazine tablets twice a day for three days.

Though many people regularly carry meningococci in their throats without getting sick, no one knows why spinal or brain disease appears, especially in springtime, in an unpredictable pattern. Only one other man in Wilkowski's company got meningitis, but so did three others in companies widely scattered over the huge base. And one of these, James S. Hale, 22, of Osborne, Kans., fell victim to a furiously progressive form of the disease, reminiscent of the old-fashioned epidemics. It was 5:30 p.m. when Hale went to sick bay, and after a spinal tap he was rushed to the hospital. But within four hours he was dead. The other victims, including Wilkowski, were recovering.



Thrift like this is nothing new



sport like this is nothing new



Chevy II Nova Super Sport Convertible

but both in one car . . . that is new

A happy combination? No doubt about it from the way these Chevy II Super Sports are catching on. ☐ Under the hood you've got a peppery 6-cylinder engine. Smooth, dependable, eager to do about everything but run through a gallon of gas. (From the way it nurses the stuff, in fact, you're likely to suspect that it goes around making its own.) ☐ With this goes our Super Sport package*—front bucket seats, all-vinyl trim,

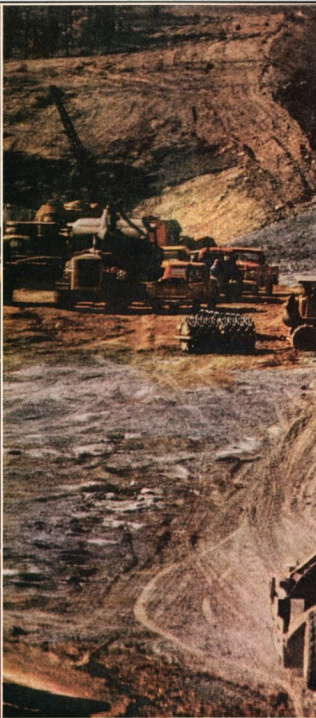
**CHEVY II
SUPER SPORTS**



THE MAKE MORE PEOPLE DEPEND ON

special instrument cluster, sports-minded styling accents and (with Powerglide* transmission) a floor-mounted range selector. The package comes on either convertible or hard-top. Either way you've got a spruce easy-handling machine that gives you plenty of ginger—without a lot of needless gingerbread. Check it out at your dealer's. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan. *Optional at extra cost.

■ *Report to business from B.F. Goodrich*



B.F. Goodrich helps stage the greatest road show on earth

15,000 MILES DOWN, 26,000 MILES TO GO ON THE INTERSTATE HIGHWAY SYSTEM—WORLD'S BIGGEST BUILDING JOB. Imagine being able to criss-cross the country on a web of super-expressways without a stop light or an intersection! You'll be able to do it when the 41,000-mile Interstate Highway System is completed.

In every state, construction crews are hard at work forging links in this master highway plan. And everywhere, you'll find B.F. Goodrich helping to speed the job along. Take the Western Kentucky Turnpike (pictured) for example. Here 42-million cubic yards of earth, limestone, sandstone and shale must be moved from the 127-mile right of way. This is so tough a job that some makes of tires have failed in



less than 100 hours. But B.F. Goodrich Rock Service tires are still going strong after 800 hours.

One reason: B.F. Goodrich Cut Protected tread compound—specially developed to withstand razor-sharp rock cuts and snags. Another reason: nylon cord construction. It's not unusual for this BFG tire body to outwear even the Cut Protected tread—and to be retreaded again and again. You'll find BFG service men and trucks on the site to keep tires on the go. B.F. Goodrich even established tire warehouses near the job.

But B.F. Goodrich participation in this road show doesn't stop here. BFG Hi-Torque brakes stop giant construction

equipment in half the distance of conventional brakes. BFG conveyor belts carry sand and gravel. Air, water, steam—even cement—rush through B.F. Goodrich hose. And construction crews stay safe and sound inside BFG protective clothing, gloves and footwear.

Point: highway construction goes a little easier, faster and safer when B.F. Goodrich products and people are in on the act. Nothing special about this.

Putting rubber, plastics, textiles or metals to work to help make business better is the business of B.F. Goodrich.

If we can help you please write the President's Office, The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.

B.F. Goodrich



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MODERN LIVING

THE CLUB

There's a Small Hotel

*Where women cease from troubling
And the wicked are at rest.*

This distillation of the gentleman's club tradition is carved on a stone slab in the floor of New York City's spanking-new Princeton Club. But some old grads attending the dedication ceremonies last week were in for a shock. The words apply only to the grill. In nearly every other of the 140-rooms, women's troubling is welcomed with open arms. For this nine-story building on 43rd Street may well be the mold and model of the club of the future—the "family club."

Gone are all the ancient appurtenances of the Man's World—the big leather chairs, the massive standing lamps, the gloomy high ceilings and rich carpets. Instead, the rooms are low-ceilinged (more floors) and cheerily antiseptic, with light furniture and artificial plants, bathed in the flat, shadowless lighting of fluorescent panels and inset ceiling lamps. From the complex air-processing plant in the clean sub-basement to the twin-bedded rooms and suites above, the club is planned, as the *Princeton Alumni Weekly* says, "to please the girls."

No More Purdah. The main dining room is for ladies alone or ladies with men. Lone males are barred. They must eat in the strictly misogynist grill or the large Madison Room,^o where movies may be shown or the rug rolled back for dancing. Suburban wives have quarters where they can shower and change, retol the hairdo, or snooze awhile before meeting their Princetonian husbands for an evening on the town. And there have even been rumors that the club's three air-

conditioned squash courts might be made available to female racqueteers in off hours.

In U.S. life, the stag has long been at bay. But more and more men have begun to find the posture ridiculous, or at least uninteresting. Princeton men, in particular, are becoming increasingly family-oriented; wives and children sometimes almost seem to outnumber old grads at the alumni reunions. Other city clubs have tried to adjust by setting aside special rooms for the ladies. But Princeton decided to end the purdah.

Transients Only. Some complain that the result is nothing more (or less) than an Ivy League hotel. But it seems to work. When the Princeton Club sold its rambling mansion on Park Avenue and 39th Street three years ago for \$2,300,000, membership had slipped down to 3,100 (from a peak 4,000 in 1955). Today it has jumped to a record 4,800, and the applications are pouring in, though the dues have been raised from \$90 to \$150 a year (as of April 1).

Chief victims are those confirmed bachelors or men-between-marriages who had made the club their home, establishing their squatters' rights to a corner chair, reading the shared newspapers on the long wooden sticks. They have been banished; the new Princeton Club caters to transients only. "And our room prices are really reasonable," says Manager Ray Adams, a graduate of Cornell's School of Hotel Administration. "There's no first-rate hotel in this area where you can get a single room for \$9 to \$12 or a double for \$16 to \$18."

THE LAND

The Recreation Crop

Farmers grow too much on too much land. City wage earners have money, free weekends, but nowhere to go. Trying to alleviate these dual problems, the U.S. Department of Agriculture has instituted a program offering family farmers long-

term loans up to \$60,000 to develop "camping grounds, swimming facilities, tennis courts, riding stables, vacation cottages and lodges, lakes and ponds for boating and fishing, docks, nature trails, picnic grounds and hunting preserves."

In the four months since the program's inception, 326 farmers have applied for loans. A typical case: a small New Jersey dairy farmer, who wants to develop a seven-acre lake on his land to provide camp sites and boating facilities for vacationers and fishermen. The project would yield the applicant an estimated \$3,000 in net income—about as much as he now earns from farming.

Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman hopes that the plan will remove a lot of farm land from production, thereby reducing the price-support burden while providing recreational facilities "on these rural lands near the crowded millions in our cities, convenient and easily accessible."

TRAVEL

Cool Cars

Out of his Cadillac staggers a sweltering Texan and collapses in his living room. "Why didn't you roll down the car window, silly?" asks his wife. "What," he says, "and let everyone know I don't have an air-conditioned car?"

This Detroit joke points up the hottest—or coolest—long-term trend in the auto industry. Though an air-conditioning unit is the most expensive accessory available (average price: \$350), it is getting to be one of the most popular. Eleven percent of all Detroit's 1962 model cars had factory-installed air conditioning (some 750,000 units), and about 250,000 more were installed by dealers.

Cooler car of all is the Lincoln Continental, with 80.2% of its 1963s equipped with air conditioning (compared with 72.7% in 1962). Next comes Cadillac, with 67% v. 59% of its 1962s. But the rolled-up window is not only for these yachts of the road; Chrysler's Dodge Division reported last week that it has already installed more air-conditioning systems this year than in all of 1962.

^o Named for the first of the two Princeton graduates to become President of the U.S.



PRINCETON CLUB ENTRANCE



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Where her troubling is welcomed with open arms.



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SHOW BUSINESS

HOLLYWOOD

The Crusader

A small man, whose name is Abby Mann, believes militantly that "a great screenwriter should be given the same consideration as a great playwright." By a great screenwriter he means Abby Mann. Passing through New York, Mann had seen a preview version of the editing job that Director De Sica had applied to the latest Mann screenplay—an adaptation of Jean-Paul Sartre's *The Condemned of Altona*. Mann was displeased. He typed out five single-spaced pages of complaint, leaped aboard a plane for Rome, and told De Sica to change the film or drop the name of Abby Mann from the screen credits. Last week, improbable as it may seem, De Sica completed his second week of all-night-every-night revision of the film, while Abby Mann sat on a stool beside him.

From a *Barren Room*. A young man of great energy, some talent, and no humility, Mann is currently the most active screenwriter in Hollywood. Since he won an Oscar last year for *Judgment at Nuremberg*, every Hollywood producer has been trying to sign him to write a script, and lucky actors whisper importantly to their friends that they have been cast "to do an Abby Mann." Later they whisper to Mann himself, saying what a great writer you are, darling. When a writer steps into that sort of atmosphere and is incautious enough to believe what the flatterers tell him, he is in danger of doing what Mann did at the Academy Award ceremonies a year ago. In a speech that was easily half as pretentious as the film, he told the audience how he had sat in his barren room in Manhattan and pondered what he could do for mankind. Suddenly it came to him: *Nuremberg*. He said he accepted the award not only for himself but for all intellectuals.

Researcher & Freedman. All this frustration unfortunately belies the actual writer inside—a hard-working, competent journeyman whose dedication to his profession is genuine. *A Child Is Waiting* is an original Abby Mann TV play (actually based on an Abby Mann TV play) about retarded children. When Paramount Pictures insisted on using Hollywood kid actors instead of retarded children themselves, Mann emptied his bank account to buy back the option to the script. He wanted real retarded children to show how close to normal they are, or seem.

No amount of research is too much for him. He goes where the story is. A few weeks ago, he got on a freighter in Vera Cruz and rode with seven boring fellow passengers to Houston in preparation for



DAVID GARD

ABBY MANN ABOARD SHIP

What a wonderful writer, they whisper.

his movie adaptation of Katherine Anne Porter's *Ship of Fools*. In Rome, between sessions with De Sica, he popped around to Miss Porter's hotel room to confer with her on the script. In Mexico, he was also collecting impressions for his script of *Children of Sánchez*. Soon he will be in Georgia and Mississippi soaking up attitudes for his version of MacKinlay Kantor's *Andersonville* and William Faulkner's *Light in August*.

Abby Mann was born Abraham Goodman, the son of a Pittsburgh jeweler. At 36, he has all the work he cares to accept, since he has decided not to price himself out of the market by asking for more than \$250,000 an adaptation—with a nibble or two at the gross. He has succeeded in his one-man crusade for screenwriter independence, at least for himself if not yet for others. Important actors like Spencer Tracy have threatened to quit if a word of an Abby Mann script is changed.

TELEVISION

Prime Time

The broadcast-rating industry was being rated itself last week. Representative Oren Harris' Special Subcommittee on Investigations summoned industry experts, network executives and station operators to try to determine whether the raters "say what they do and do what they say." Starting with the smaller firms which provide local ratings (there are some 200 firms doing such work in Manhattan alone), the testimony turned up some odd bugs.

► Robert E. West, president of Kansas City's Robert S. Conlan Associates, was called because his firm sold an astonishing 500 reports last year throughout the Mid-

Half the weight of most portables... plus console picture power.

Less weight. More picture power: That's the practical idea behind the all-new General Electric "Escort."

You'll give a second thought to second sets when you see it and lift it. It might change your whole idea of TV viewing.

Want to see a special show when you're having dinner? Easy; even a child

can bring the 22-pound set to the table, plug it in, and there you are!

At 22 pounds, the Power-Packed "Escort" is the lightest of the big screen portables.

The screen is a full 16 inches (diag. meas.) and delivers a picture the big consoles would envy. Pulls in pictures

that old-fashioned sets called "fringe areas." See the new G.E. "Escort" before you buy any set... consoles included. It's at your General Electric dealer's, along with a full line of new ideas in television receivers.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Rockwell Report

by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.

President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



A COMPANY customarily reports its business progress annually by outlining the changes that occur in the balance sheet, in new facilities and products, in stock performance and the like. This year we've tried to analyze something else as well—the intangible of human progress.

How many employees were interested in greater responsibility? We found that 756 of our people took one or more company-sponsored or financed job-related courses during the past year.

Of these, many were employees with more than ten years service, including some twenty-five year veterans. Courses varied all the way from secretarial training on one hand to advanced technology and management science on the other.

Perhaps the best evidence of human progress was the fact that we were able to establish an entirely new and broadened management structure this year. This reorganization involved the appointment of several vice presidents and a number of new managers. In only one highly specialized instance was it necessary to search *outside* the company to fill any of these positions, although, in most cases, a material shift in assignment was involved.

It means that over the years the company has made progress in its ability to select, train and prepare men for the day when they will be asked to assume greater responsibility in the company's operations.

If we can continue to improve in our programs for human progress, we feel certain that all the other "normal" measurements of progress and growth will, for the most part, show equal results.

Considering the uncertainties that plagued most business throughout the year, we think we fared reasonably well in 1962. In several instances there were opportunities to extend our program of related diversification. The new headquarters research and development center was announced. The search for new and improved products in all divisions and for all markets was successful in more than one hundred major instances. These facts are highlights of our 1962 Annual Report, a copy of which is available if you're interested.

Recently, one of our Rockwell-Delta power tool customers took the time to write his appreciation for some information he had received from us. "I want to compliment you on the very fine literature, and your follow-up technique. I rather get the impression that stock in your company would be a good investment, based on the quality of your tools and your public relations literature." Such letters are an incentive to service minded people. We remind our employees, however, that it's the letter we never receive that can hurt—the letter the dissatisfied customer never bothers to write, because he's too busy looking for another source of supply.

Our recent experience with an exchange student from Switzerland (under the International Association of Students in Economics and Commerce program) has produced some interesting side effects. Our original motive in participating in this program was largely related to our wish to help improve international understanding in a practical way. What we didn't anticipate is that we can learn as much from these students as they do from us. Best of all, we think we've spotted a few potential employees with excellent capabilities for our international operations!

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh 8, Pennsylvania, makers of Measurement and Control Devices, Instruments, and Power Tools for twenty-two basic markets.

Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY



West, admitted that his entire highly publicized staff of experienced "verifiers, program editors, tabulators and calculators" consists of one woman, Co-Owner Mrs. Hallie Jones. In her off hours, said West, Mrs. Jones manages the office, handles the bookkeeping, and keeps the company's records (none of which could be produced). All field-survey records, explained West, are destroyed "when a girl has time," or within three months of a survey's completion. The way the system works: 75% of the surveys are "sold before they're made," by informing a station that it has placed first.

► Videodex, Inc., of New York, which determines ratings from diaries filled out by TV-set owners (in return for such gratuities as nail files and hair combs), was



CONLAN'S JONES & WEST

What a great station, they report.

unable under investigation to show even one of its claimed thousands of diaries. A postal official at Chicago's Merchandise Mart, where the company had a drop box, could recall no such mail's ever arriving, and officials at the warehouse where current diaries were purported to be stored said that they had considered the account dormant since 1956.

► The president of Pennsylvania's Sindlinger & Co. cast doubt on the fixed-sample system. In this system—used by the giant Nielsen company and by Sindlinger until recently—a carefully selected roster of families is picked, checked, wired for sound, and taped for their TV-watching habits. President Sindlinger testified he was disconcerted because Nielsen discovered one of his tame watchers. Just why this bothered him was not fully clear, but it did induce him to change his ways. Said Sindlinger morosely: "I don't think the industry wants true figures anyway."

The major services had yet to have their full say. The subsurface theme (and threat) of the hearings: the possibility of FCC regulation of rating services.



Peter's play may someday be his profession, thanks to his parent's guidance, and careful planning. With the help of a Great-West representative, Peter's father has set up an educational fund. By means of small annual life insurance premiums now, he is ensuring his son will enjoy the advantages of a college education later on. Peter's family is among thousands of American families for whom Great-West is the key to financial security. **Great-West Life**

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25th LARGEST IN NORTH AMERICA — OVER SIX BILLION DOLLARS OF PROTECTION



THIS MARK TELLS YOU A PRODUCT IS MADE OF MODERN, DEPENDABLE STEEL.



It's a can



It's a can



It's a can



It's a can

It's a new idea from U. S. Steel.

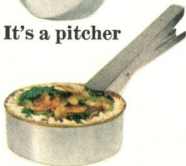
Imagine buying dinner in a disposable steel can that is also a top-of-the-stove pan, that is also a serving dish. Or a grass seed can that becomes a spreader when you zip off the hermetic seal. Or an oval salad dressing can with a snap-cap that doubles as an easy-pour pitcher. Or a fast cooking heat-and-serve steel can that is handsome enough for a place on your dining table.

These and many other new ideas are the result of a U. S. Steel project to help customers make better, more saleable packages. To stimulate the thinking of packagers, we commissioned one of the nation's leading design firms to develop dozens of new packaging concepts. Actual prototype packages were presented to groups of package designers and volume package users not as specific packaging proposals, but to inspire fresh, creative use of tin plate . . . one of the

United States Steel



It's a pitcher



It's a pan



It's a spreader



It's a serving dish

world's most adaptable materials to new packaging ideas and needs.

United States Steel is introducing important new ideas at the rate of better than one a month. Samples: portable schools that can be erected in days and moved by helicopter; the first mechanized fencebuilder in 8000 years of fencebuilding; a steel that "paints" itself when exposed to weather; a hull steel that made possible the design of our

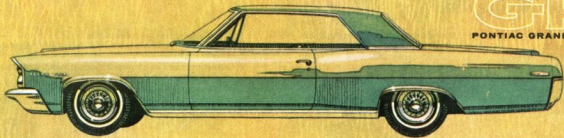
deep diving Polaris missile submarines. When you buy steel, why not deal with the company that is first in steel . . . and first in steel firsts?

(If you're interested in the new packaging concepts developed by United States Steel, write for a free copy of "A Packaging Challenge." United States Steel, Room 6656, 525 William Penn Place, Pittsburgh 30, Pa.) USS is a registered trademark.



It may be some time before you can see this car without a lot of people crowded around it —so be our guest. In all good conscience, we can't let you rush off buying a Grand Prix without letting you in on what's under that beautiful skin. For one thing, a thoroughly well-mannered Trophy V-8 of 303 horsepower (on up to 370 hp at extra cost). For two things, a pair of the handsomest, most comfortable seats this side of your living room. And a host of things mechanical that'll keep your GP strong longer. So you can buy one for purely rational reasons, if you really want to. The man to see is your Pontiac dealer.

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GP
PONTIAC GRAND PRIX

THE PRESS

CORRESPONDENTS

The Fun in Washington

Properly togged in white ties and apprehensive grins, official Washington turned out in the Presidential Room of the Statler-Hilton hotel for its annual roasting by the 50 newsmen of the Gridiron Club. Just about every big shot in earshot got done to a turn. But the griddle was never hotter than when Attorney General Robert Kennedy was asked about his refinement of the art of Cuban ransom raising.



WALTER BENNETT

GRIDIRON PRESIDENT BEALE

In deference to the court, no prayer.

To the tune of *I Kiss Your Hand, Madame*, the stage Bobby crooned an answer:

I haven't any right, my friends,

To do the things I do.

But when I put the bite, my friends,

They cough up out of fright, my friends,

With dollars shiny bright, my friends.

Some day I'll ransom you.

Traditional Ribs. Bobby's ribbing was part of a hoary tradition. The Gridiron, formed in 1885 by 50 Washington newsmen, is a dining club with little excuse for existence other than its annual dinner—still something of a command performance. The club itself has become somewhat self-conscious with age. Women, television and magazine reporters are barred. The current roster, frozen at 50 regular members entitled to wear Gridiron lapel buttons, is made up mostly of bureau chiefs. But the club does have 15 limited members, chiefly to provide music and song for the annual skits. John Philip Sousa was one of the first limited members, and since his day, the director of the U.S. Marine Band has always been asked to join the club.

The club owes its name to its regular griddling of top officials, and at its 78th annual dinner, Club President William Beale, Associated Press bureau chief, got the affair going by nodding toward the Supreme Court's Earl Warren, one of 500 guests, and announcing archly: "In deference to the presence here tonight of the

Chief Justice of the United States, we shall omit the customary invocation."

Two Jobs. The basting, roasting and broiling went on from there. Someone tagged "Dick Nixon" streaked across the stage in a track suit. "What's he running for?" asked a bystander. Replied an actor representing Republican National Chairman William E. Miller: "Exercise." Somebody else wanted to know what freewheeling, freeloading Democratic Congressman Adam Clayton Powell Jr. did for a living. "I have two jobs," replied Powell's stand-in. "Living it up and living it down."

To the tune of *Why Do I Love You?* New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller was shown arm in arm with Arizona's Senator Barry Goldwater and musing

Could I run with you?

Could you run with me?

Could we win with two

Different as we?

To *Frère Jacques*, two actors trilled:

Peter Lawford, Peter Lawford,

How's by you? How's by you?

Where's your wife Patricia?

Maybe in Phoenix.

How's your in-law Teddy?

Younger than he's ready,

How's your in-law Bobby?

Hoffa is his hobby.

Cousins Galore. But the best laugh getters, as usual, were the guests of honor. President Kennedy was in top form. With the issue of Government-managed news still a hot one, he began his talk with the greeting "Fellow managing editors." In mock-somber tones and with almost professional timing, the President went on to describe the discovery of a serious new Soviet threat. Khrushchev sent his son-in-law Aleksei Adzhubei over to subvert the Vatican, the President noted, and there was talk that the touring Russian had left some Marxist bibles behind in caves around the Holy City. But Washington was on to the game, warned Kennedy. The U.S. even knew the secret Soviet code name for the operation: "Vat 69."

Jack's act was tough to follow, but Michigan Governor George Romney more than managed. Mormon Romney mused that he had 231 first cousins, thanks partly to a forebear who had four wives. Just imagine the situation in Washington today if the Catholics had allowed bigamy, chuckled Republican Romney. "And Kennedy thinks he has trouble finding jobs for his relatives."

NEWSPAPERS

Money & Other Things

The loose ends of the New York newspaper strike were still flapping around last week, and there was little chance that they would be tied up in a hurry. While the long argument continued, the strike, longest in the city's history, slipped past the 100-day mark.

Ironically, the biggest obstacle to a settlement turned out to be the union that had not been expected to give anybody



THE
REGENCY
HOTEL
ON

PARK AVENUE

AWAITS

YOUR

VISIT

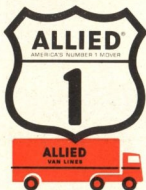
A votre service. At The Regency Hotel, you will hear these words spoken again and again with sincerity. By the doorman who welcomes you. By the Concierge. By your maid or valet. By the maitre d'. By the sommelier. They are part of the handpicked elite, totally imbued with the idea of serving you regally. The Regency is a new hotel but its *raison d'être* is the perpetuation of the fullness and elegance of an older, more gracious way of living.

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trouble—the big but rarely belligerent Newspaper Guild. Even before Bert Powers' printers went on strike last Dec. 8, the Guild had come to terms with most Manhattan papers. But when Mayor Wagner drew up a settlement stipulating that the contracts for the city's ten newspaper unions all lapse at the same time, the Guild got back into the act; its agreement was necessary on any new expiration date. And, said Guild Executive Vice President Thomas Murphy, "if we are going to be asked to extend our contract, we want money and other things."

Back to the Commodore Hotel went the talk-weary publishers, who might have seen this problem approaching months ago. Aware that the Guild's members were anxious to get back to work, the publishers at first offered them only a token raise of \$1.50 a week to take effect Nov. 1, 1964. "Wholly inadequate," snapped Murphy, who wanted an extra \$4 to make up the difference between the \$8.50 package the Guild got last fall and the \$12.50 won by the printers. He also wanted a citywide Guild shop, pension plan and medical program. The publishers upped their offer to \$4.13, but Murphy emerged shaking his head. "Personally," said he, "I'm disappointed."

So was many another Guildsman. At week's end, top officers of the Guild recommended acceptance of the publishers' offer by a split (9-8) vote, but that vote was far from final. This week Guild units at each New York newspaper must ratify the agreement, and there was some doubt that all would go along. At the Daily News, Guild unit leaders voted 47 to 3 to advise their members to turn the offer down. If that advice is accepted, the pickets will keep on marching. Bert Powers wants a common expiration date badly, and if the Guild rejects it, he said, "all bets are off."

CRITICS

Paying Guest

Though he looks like a British version of Mr. Peepers, the likeness ends there. Theater Critic Bernard Levin is the *enfant terrible* of London's West End. Long the Manchester Guardian's television reviewer, he grew "weary of spitting into the wind" in 1958 and quit. As an irascible panelist for the BBC's satiric *That Was the Week That Was* show, he once greeted a group of farmers with the words, "Good evening, peasants." But it is in his theater reviews for Lord Beaverbrook's Daily Express and more recently for the Daily Mail that his stiletto prose has dug deepest. Damned by producers as a "hired play assassin," he panned a musical by playwright Wolf Mankowitz so savagely that Mankowitz led six girls into his office with an undersized coffin, saying: "This is the moment we have been waiting for—to send a midget coffin to a midget critic."

To Levin, the theater is "a beleaguered city, invested not by hostile troops but by the impersonal, creeping jungle. I ask of any new production: Is it helping to push back the jungle or is it, by carelessness or



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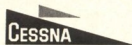
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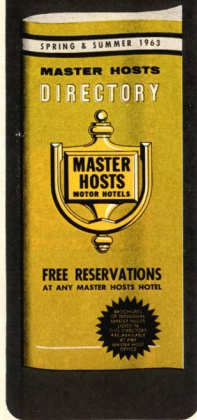
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CRITIC LEVIN
One way to pay for a ticket.

treachery, letting another patch of straggling green encroach upon the walls?" Last year, even before a new mystery called *Signpost to Murder* had a chance to make its debut, Levin made up his mind that it would be one more case of jungle rot. "Don't tell me, let me guess," Levin wrote sarcastically in the *Express*, speculating in advance on just how bad the play was going to be. Infuriated, Producer Emile Littler withdrew his first-night invitation, but Levin cadged a ticket from a friend and got in anyhow. "Well," he wrote later, "I did see it—and it's absurd." Littler answered the gate-crashing critique with a lawsuit accusing Levin of trespassing.

Last week, when the case finally came to trial, Levin and the Beaverbrook newspapers capitulated with astonishing alacrity. They conceded that on first nights theater producers are entitled to invite or exclude anyone. The price for Levin's first-night ticket: \$22,400 in damages and legal costs. "A great day for the living theater," exulted Littler. As for *Signpost*, despite mixed reviews it ran for a year in London, is now packing the house in Britain's provinces, has been picked up by M-G-M for \$70,000 and will move to Broadway some time this year.

EDITORS

Who's Picking Whose Pocket?

"To a small-town fellow come to the big city it was bound to happen sooner or later, and finally it did," said the lead editorial in the *Wall Street Journal*. "On the way to Wall Street, that den of iniquity, our pocket was picked in the subway, that haunt of the huddled masses."

The man who was plucked by a member of the light-fingered league in the L.R.T. was Journal Editor Vermont Connecticut Royster, a Raleigh, N.C., boy despite the Yankee twang to his name. To Royster, the loss of his credit cards, shopping lists and drugstore prescriptions, not to mention \$100 "secreted in the back of our wallet against such grave emergencies as running out of expense-account money in

San Antonio or St. Paul," turned out to have a heaven of unexpected value. "I use all kinds of incidents that happen to me when I'm groping around for a way to make a point," said Royster. Last week he used his months-old misadventure to make the point that "if some of the economic theories bruited about today are correct," the deft dip did much to help the U.S. economy.

"We do not approve of pickpockets, especially those who pick our own," said the *Journal*, but "the result represents a consummation devoutly to be wished by influential thinkers of the day." Since Royster's \$100 was transferred from one party to another, the editorial reasoned, both the gross national product and the national income showed gains, and such "redistribution of income" is "the whole object of current economic policy." It also helps, added the editorial, if money "can be transferred from corporations and rich folk, who might have a proclivity toward savings, to the hands of those who will inject it more quickly into the spending stream."

But the *Journal* pointed out that the Government goes a step farther than the pickpocket. "We are told that the good effects of all this are enhanced if the Government, unlike our friend on the subway, can spend more than it takes, or at least seem to. Big deficits, especially those arising from tax cuts, allow more dollars to be put into some people's pockets without appearing to take quite so much out of other people's pockets." While this is illusory, "there's no denying it's less painful to steal a bit from everybody's dollars by inflation than to take the money away from them in immediate taxes."

Concluded the *Journal*: "On the subway we had a blissful ignorance of being plucked until, much later in the day, we found ourselves less well off than we thought. And even now we think there must be many a helpful pickpocket who wishes that policemen understood the ethics of the new economics."



EDITOR ROYSTER
One way to help the G.N.P.

MARTHA HOLMES



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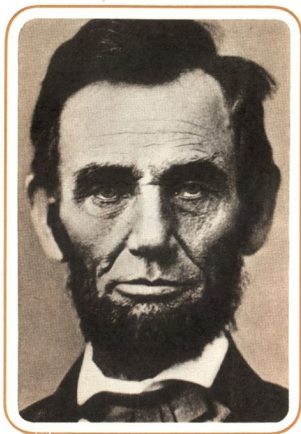
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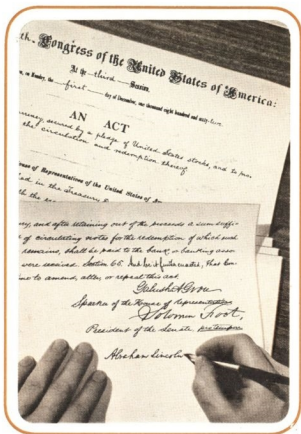
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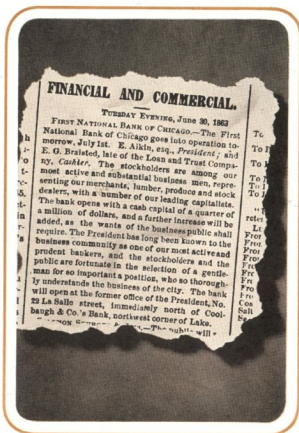
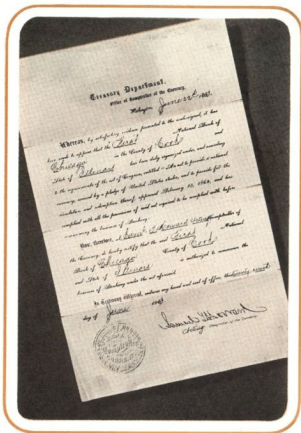
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MILESTONES

Born. To Maria Pia, 28, Princess Royal of the House of Savoy, daughter of ex-King Umberto of Italy, and Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia, 38: a twin boy and girl, their third son and first daughter, second set of twins; in Paris.

Born. To Anne Baxter, 39, honey-voiced cinemactress, and Randolph Galt, 33, Hawaiian-born Australian sheep rancher: their second child, second daughter; in Hollywood.

Born. To Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, 43, Shah of Iran, and Farah Diba, 24, his third wife: their second child, first daughter; in Teheran.

Divorced. Robert Goulet, 29, Canadian-bred baritone turned U.S. stage (*Camelot*) and nightclub smash; by Louise Longmore Goulet, 29; after seven years of marriage, one child; in Juárez, Mexico.

Divorced. By Peggy Ann Garner, 31, onetime child star who grew up and out of fame: Albert Salmi, 35, blond screen and TV actor; on grounds of mental cruelty (she testified that their continuing argument over whether to live in Hollywood or New York caused her to twist her neck violently and develop a thyroid condition); after nearly seven years of marriage, one child; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Emile Bustani, 55, founder and chairman of Lebanon's \$60 million Contracting & Trading Co. (CAT), the Middle East's biggest and most important industrialist, a friend of the West who was a firm advocate of inter-Arab economic development; in the crash of his private plane; in the Mediterranean near Beirut.

Died. Bishop Garfield Bromley Oxnam, 71, U.S. Methodism's champion of liberalism; of bronchial pneumonia; in White Plains, N.Y. (see RELIGION).

Died. Clyde Gilman Doyle, 75, nine-term California Democratic congressman, acting chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee; of a heart attack; in Washington.

Died. William Frederick Schmick Sr., 79, former president and publisher of the Baltimore Sun papers; of a stroke; in Daytona Beach, Fla.

Died. William Henry Beveridge, 84, first and last (he left no heir) Baron Beveridge of Tuggal, who in 1942 published his "Social Insurance and Allied Services" report, which called for unemployment, health, marriage, maternity, widowhood, old age and death benefits for every British citizen, and became the framework for Britain's present-day "womb to tomb" coverage; in London.



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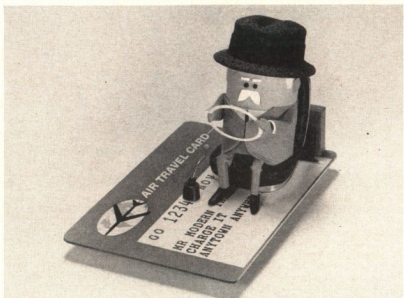
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ART



JACKIE'S "BOYS AT HOLLY BEACH, N.J."
Perhaps reminiscent of the Kennedys on the Cape.

In Turkey-Chawed Country

Paintings were scattered all over the floor, ready to be hung, that day last month when Jacqueline Kennedy unexpectedly walked into Manhattan's Graham Galleries. With a trained eye and an eager appetite, the First Lady examined them, chose two (but left them behind for the show), went out the door and up Madison Avenue. Word traveled fast, and when the show opened, viewers thronged into the gallery. The artist: Thomas Anshutz, a nearly unknown turn-of-the-century American remembered more as a teacher of painters than as a painter himself.

Anshutz was a student of nature, drawing most of his inspiration from the workaday world. He had simple, direct ideas of truth in painting and how to go about it: "Get up an outfit for outdoor work, go out into some woe-begotten, turkey-chawed, bottle-nosed, henpecked country and set myself down, get out my materials and make as accurate a painting of what I see in front of me as I can." Anshutz canvases breathe in life the way lungs take in air. In several seascapes at the gallery, young boys frolic over the beach, and the whole canvas tingles with their impatient eagerness for the water. At a calmer moment, two young school-boys—one with sleeves tightly rolled up—play out a grim game of checkers. One of the pictures that Mrs. Kennedy bought, *Boys at Holly Beach, N.J.*, is in this vein, and to some eyes it may look like Jack, Bobby and Teddy on the Cape. The other is a watercolor of the artist's wife; Jackie paid "less than \$1,000" for each. Anshutz' later work is mostly full-length portraits of women, pictures that effortlessly evoke the warm drawing-room atmosphere of the early 20th century. The women themselves could almost be contemporary.

Anshutz got his training at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts under

the redoubtable Thomas Eakins. He became Eakins' assistant, and when Eakins left in 1886, Anshutz moved in as teacher. For the three years before he died in 1912, he was head of the academy.

Anshutz' greatest strength as a teacher was his belief that in painting "any style is correct if the man is master of it." Anshutz himself mastered several styles and mediums. Besides oils, he was at home with watercolors, pastels and crayon. He even had one brief fling with impressionism. So equipped, Anshutz could recognize important tendencies and strengths in his pupils, then draw these out and enlarge them. Four of his pupils were Robert Henri, George Luks, William Glackens and John Sloan, all destined to become city realists who dramatized the piercingly lonely everyday life of New York in the early 1900s, and all better known—until now—than courtly old Professor Anshutz.

Where the Rub Comes In

A great body of important Early American stone sculpture is in danger of annihilation. Weather, children, riflemen and clumsy power mowers are rapidly wreaking havoc on the ancient tombstones that stand row on row in cemeteries all over New England and the South. But with the help of a Ford Foundation grant, two young artists, Ann Parker and Avon Neal, have been haunting graveyards since 1961, preserving the crumbling heritage in a less vulnerable form. Last week a show of 120 of their meticulous gravestone rubbings (see opposite page) opened at the Brooklyn Museum.

A rubbing is made on the principle that schoolboys have been using for generations when they put paper over a coin and run a pencil over the surface to make a copy. Parker and Neal use large sheets of strong, pliable Japanese rice paper placed

over the carving. A silk pad, dipped in black ink, is rubbed over the paper, and colored inks—coppery green or earthy brown—are added with other pads until the final effect is achieved. "Sometimes it takes hours—a whole day for a big one," says Neal. "We are often surprised to see how a rubbing will bring out details that we couldn't see by eye. White marble tends to granulate when weathered, but was originally carved in deeper relief. Slate holds up much better through the years, and slate also permitted more delicate designs."

Memento Mori. Ann Parker, a handsome blonde whose lively enthusiasm is far from ghoulish, got the idea of immortalizing tombstone carving one weekend after stumbling on a weed-grown graveyard near the hamlet of Colrain, Mass. She and Neal started boning up on New England stonecutters, found that most of them had been Yankee Jacks-of-all-trades who knew how to use chisel and mallet. One stonecutter, John Stevens of Newport, R.I., set up a shop for himself in 1705 that is still in operation after being handed down through generations of stonecutters.

The most prolific era of tombstone carving lay between 1650 and 1800. With prosperity and education, fashion began to dictate design, and the fine art of the gravestone, with its candid *memento mori* portraits, its fire-and-brimstone skulls and scythe-bearing skeletons, disappeared. "After 1820, everything was urns and willow trees," says Ann Parker.

In a Salem Cemetery. Last summer the artists traveled 26,000 miles in New England in a 1952 black Chrysler sedan—"sufficiently hearslike to be inconspicuous in a graveyard." This winter, in a Salem, Mass., cemetery, they were bundled in hooded parkas, sweeping away snow, when they found themselves surrounded by a ring of hostile-looking observers. "You know how Salem feels about witches," says Ann, but nothing happened: burning people is another old New England art that has disappeared.

Each rubbing, like an etching or a print, is an original. The cost ranges from \$15 to \$75, making them within the budget of the average collector. Parker and Neal have a show scheduled at Carnegie Institute of Technology this month, another at Princeton in April, and late fall exhibitions in Paris and New York.

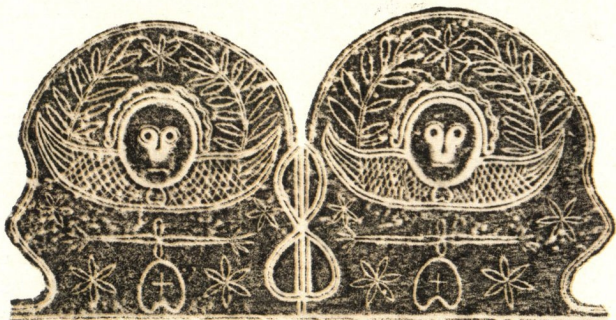


STONE ARTIST PARKER
Preserving a crumbling heritage.



BUMBLEBEE ANGEL with hedgehog head blows trumpet on stone reproduced in rubbing at Brooklyn Museum show. It was

found near Wakefield, Mass., with seven similar stones. Another by same cutter, found in Maine, reads: "Know ye the hour."



MONKEYLIKE HEADS, fish-scale wings, stylized hands and hearts show Early American feeling for abstract design

typified in work of this Arlington, Vt., carver, a grave-stone for two young sisters who died several years apart.



RELAXED SKELETON reclines like an opium smoker on this small stone, above epitaph for man born "in the Kingdom of

Ireland" who died in the U.S. in the 1750s. Chips off top may have been caused by children throwing rocks in graveyard.

THE THEATER

More Curio Than Classic

Strange Interlude, by Eugene O'Neill, gives the Broadway season an event of forgotten novelty, rich performance, and disillusioning irony. The sheer bulk of a nine-act play lasting from 6 p.m. to 11:30 p.m., with an hour out for dinner, makes an intriguing evening—the theatrical equivalent of the 50-mile hike. The formidable debut of The Actors Studio



GERALDINE PAGE
Deepening the shadow of doubt.

Theatre, with a superlative cast headed by Geraldine Page, delivers a smashing rebuttal to the sly and caustic sniping that has peppered Method acting in recent years. The irony is that the radiance of the company, magnified by José Quintero's brilliant direction, merely deepens the shadow of doubt that must now fall heavily on the value of the play.

A 35-year-old Pulitzer prizewinner, *Strange Interlude* emerges as more of a curio than a classic, more a petulant bundle of grievances than a grand stroke of tragic inevitability, more a gallant and pretentious stab at writing a masterpiece than the assured creation of one. The play is like a massive keyboard, one-third of whose notes have been muted by time and changing mores. Another third tinkle with unintentionally funny and anachronistic noises. A final third have the resonance of an anguish that belongs less to the characters than to O'Neill. *Strange Interlude* is indelibly dated: Lost Generation, made in the 1920s.

Pessimist-Philosopher. If Fitzgerald filled the role of the Lost Generation's emotional emancipator, flaunting such heady devilities as necking and kissing, O'Neill poses as its disenchanting pessimist-philosopher. He holds a kangaroo court on God as the callous absentee landlord of the universe, and calls up such fashionable witnesses as Freud, Strind-

berg, Nietzsche and Schopenhauer to testify on man's fatal disease—the disease of having been born.

From these prophets, O'Neill gleaned the gospel of self-realization, and in *Strange Interlude* he preaches the beyond-good-and-evil amorality of personal happiness. Says one of his characters, "To kill happiness is a worse murder than taking life," the corollary to Hemingway's "About morals, I know only that what is moral is what you feel good after." The sins in *Strange Interlude* are committed in the name of happiness; its miseries stem from the Puritan ethic that grips O'Neill even while he rails against it, the ethic that makes happiness itself a kind of sin. Life thus becomes an atonement in which "afternoons of happiness" are "paid for with years of pain."

Adultery for Mental Health. *Strange Interlude* is the drama of Nina Leeds's sparse joys and lifelong atonement. Nina (Geraldine Page) is the hub of the play, and her needs are the five spokes—father, husband, lover, friend, son—of the wheel of life that revolves around her. At play's start, she is neurotically bedeviled by the ghost of a World War I flyer with whom she feels she ought to have made love before he went off to die. Close to a crack-up, she marries an uncomplicated Babbitt named Sam Evans (Pat Hingle). Blissfully pregnant, she is told by Sam's mother that the family is tainted with insanity. She has an abortion, but to restore Sam's self-confidence and her own happiness, she decides to become pregnant, secretly, by another man.

In a faintly ludicrous scene in which adultery is discussed as a venture in mental health and an experiment in scientific objectivity, Dr. Edmund Darrell (Ben Gazzara) agrees to sire her child. Unfortunately, the guinea pigs, as they call themselves, fall in love. But to save Sam's sanity, the child is raised as Sam's son, and grows to hate his real father. Years pass, Sam bloats with pride, Darrell shrivels with self-contempt, and Nina pins her heart on her son's sleeve until a flapper (Jane Fonda) steals the boy.

By the ninth act, Sam has died, and Nina sinks gratefully into a twilight-sleepy love offered by "dear old Charlie" Marsden (William Prince), a dsexed lap dog who has trotted devotedly in Nina's shadow since she was a girl. Obviously, O'Neill thought that his characters had richly exhausted life, but the prevailing impression left by the play is that life has thoroughly exhausted them.

The Patient Enemy. As Nina, Geraldine Page climaxes a decade of steady growth as an actress, with a soaring, searing performance that comes close to fulfilling Tennessee Williams' prophecy that she may become "the American Duse." Ben Gazzara plays the lover with dark, penetrating force, and Pat Hingle's Sam alternately snorts at life like a pig in a trough and tearfully contorts his bruised ego like an infant who has missed the 2 o'clock feeding.

What is strongest in the play itself is O'Neill's flashing mastery of theater, the way he can put a character in a prepositional situation and still make a playgoer cliffhang over the outcome. The archetypal relationships, father versus son, Nina grieving over the child that will never be born, have unimpaired emotional authority. So do some scenes of Chekhovian poignance, such as Nina's autumnal soliloquy on the meaning of the men in her life and what time has done to her and them.

What is weakest is O'Neill's language. He stuffed his people's mouths with pebbles under the delusion that it was prose poetry. English is a patient enemy, but after 35 years, scene after scene is maimed or destroyed by O'Neill's self-indulgent reliance on bumbling, commonplace speech and gassy rhetoric. *Strange Interlude*'s famed asides, or internal monologues, clog the flow of the action without adding density of meaning.

A classic is the victory art wins over time. In *Strange Interlude*, time is the winner.

Too Bad to Be True

Too True to Be Good, by George Bernard Shaw, Gab is the gift and the curse of Irish playwrights. Greatly gifted though G.B.S. was, this play of his old age is a cursedly garrulous bore. At 74, Shaw apparently found the construction of a plot beneath him or beyond him.

The nonsensical events: a minister (Robert Preston), disguised as a jewel thief and accompanied by a hotel chambermaid (Eileen Heckart), coaxes an invalided gentlewoman (Glynis Johns) into letting him sell her pearls and kidnap her for ransom. The trio lives it up globally on the loot before coming to rest in a desert outpost of empire where a bean-brained colonel (Cyril Ritchard) and a versatile private (David Wayne) in Bedouin regalia, à la T. E. Lawrence, dizzily keep the *pax Britannica*.

Here, everyone runs a seminar on the contents of Shaw's remarkably closed mind. Religion is hypocrisy. Armies are idiotic. The British upper classes are



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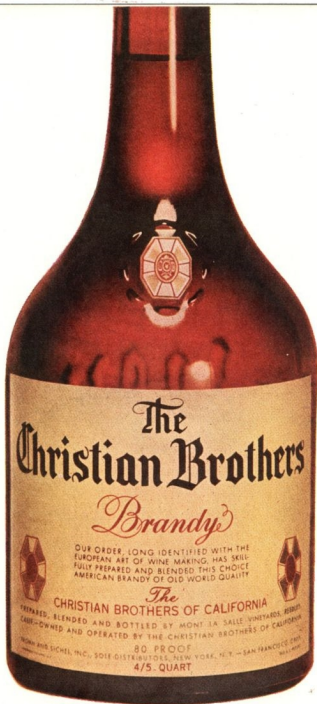
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smugly ignorant of life; the lower classes are self-taught fanatics and uncouth blackguards. As destiny's dutiful darling, G.B.S., slays these asses with his jawbone. Minus his customary wit, Shaw is a nagging scold. In a final soliloquy, delivered with fine evangelistic fervor by Robert Preston, the great iconoclast pitifully begs for an icon worthy of his worship.

Best of Breed

Enter Laughing, by Joseph Stein. Jewish family situation comedies come to Broadway more often than the swallows go back to Capistrano. Separating the dramatic merits and demerits of a *Seidman* and *Son* from a *Dear Me*, the *Sky Is Falling* is a lot like fingerprinting a Siamese twin. If *Enter Laughing* is a tiny cut above the breed, it is because Playwright



ARKIN, BLAINE & MOWBRAY
And exit roaring.

Stein, who adapted his comedy from the autobiographical novel of TV Comedian Carl Reiner, retains stubborn, slightly awkward traces of honest observation. He knows that the immigrant family walks on American soil hopefully, but always with the small secret fear that it is treading quicksand. A name change may spell assimilative success, but Stein recognizes that it also contains a rueful hint of cultural extinction. This is not to suggest that *Enter Laughing* is a social document, but merely that its solid sense of social place and time (the Depression) gives an evening of frequently paralyzing laughter an element of true comic bite.

Enter Laughing's late-teen-age hero (Alan Arkin) wants to be an actor, an exotic ambition that sends flutters of horror through the hearts of Papa (Marty Greene) and Mama (Sylvia Sidney), who want him to be a druggist. His perils and pratfalls as he develops his dubious talents in a flea-bitten acting school run by a haughty, boozed-up impresario (Alan Mowbray) and his daughter (Vivian Blaine) make for broad, boisterous fun. With his syrupy delivery, chipmunk facial grimaces and gift for lighting his own finger instead of the leading lady's cigarette, Arkin is a clownish glossary of theatrical ineptitude. Making his debut, he catapults onstage and swallows his voice whole, but, as his parents rightly say, "he's the best one." Thanks to Alan Arkin, a playgoer can *Enter Laughing* and exit roaring.



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SPORT

The Dream

(See Cover)

The Clays of Louisville are an old Kentucky family. Not rich, maybe, like the folks who play pool in the Pendennis Club and chew mint leaves on the veranda at Churchill Downs. But the Clays have been there for six generations—ever since their ancestors worked as slaves on the plantation of Cassius Marcellus Clay, who was Lincoln's Minister to Russia. They like the name, and they like Louisville, and they have a red brick house with five rooms, all of them on one floor. It's got wall-to-wall carpeting in every room and a picture painted right on the white plaster wall in the living room.

Old Cash Clay did that mural himself. Cassius Marcellus Clay Sr. is a sign painter. Up there where it says KING KARL'S THREE ROOMS OF NEW FURNITURE on Market Street—he did that, just as he painted A. B. HARRIS, M.D., DELIVERIES & FEMALE DISORDERS on Dumesnil Street, Louisville. His son, Cassius Marcellus Clay Jr., has just turned 21 and has far larger ambitions. "I'm gonna drive down Walnut Street in a Caddy on Derby Day," he says, "and all the people will point and say, 'There goes Cassius Clay.' Pretty girls will be there, and I'll smell the flowers and feel the nice warm night air. Oh, I'm cool then, man. I'm cool. The girls are looking at me, and I'm looking away.

I'm wanting to know them worse than they want to know me—only they don't know it." By Derby Day next year, Cassius figures, he will be the heavyweight boxing champion of the world.

"I'm the Greatest." Some people think Cassius Clay talks too much. But Cassius just laughs, and keeps on talking. Sometimes he talks in doggerel:

*This is the story about a man
With iron fists and a beautiful tan,
He talks a lot and boasts indeed*

Of a powerful punch and blinding speed.
Sometimes he sticks to prose. "I'm beeeootiful," he croons. "I'm the greatest. I'm the double greatest. I am clean and sparkling. I will be a clean and sparkling champion."

Cassius Clay is Hercules, struggling through the twelve labors. He is Jason, chasing the Golden Fleece. He is Galahad, Cyrano, D'Artagnan. When he scowls, strong men shudder, and when he smiles, women swoon. The mysteries of the universe are his Tinker Toys. He rattles the thunder and looses the lightning. "I was marked," he says. "I had a big head, and I looked like Joe Louis in my cradle. People said so. One day I threw my first punch and hit my mother right in the teeth and knocked one out. If you don't believe me, ask her."

Odessa Grady Clay is a short, pillowy woman with freckled fawn skin and an expensive orthodontist. Cash never gave

her a bit of trouble. She likes to talk about him as a baby. "The first thing he said was 'Gee-gee,' and that's what people in the family still call him: Gee. Later he said that Gee-gee stood for Golden Gloves, which he was going to win." Around Grand Avenue, Cassius was known as a prodigious eater, a pretty good rock fighter, and a deadeye marble shooter—when his parents let him out of the house. "Don't you take one more step," his mother ordered one day, as Cassius started down the front steps. Deliberately, he took one—just one—more. His mother said, "Daddy will strap you," and sent him to bed. Cassius used to dream that some day he would be big enough to walk around the block all by himself and not worry about that one step. And he talked about "getting a wheel and wheeling around that block."

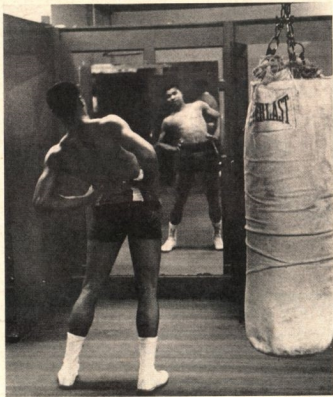
"That Little Smart Aleck." Dreams came easy in Louisville's West End. "Why can't I be rich?" Cassius once asked his father. His father touched him on one pecan-colored hand and said, "Look there. That's why you can't be rich." But at twelve, Cassius got his "wheel." It was a shiny \$60 bicycle, and he proudly pedaled off to a fair at the Columbia Gym downtown. When the show was over, the bike was gone. In tears, Cassius sought out Policeman Joe Martin. "If I find the kid who stole my bike," he said, "I'll whup him." Martin told him that he'd better learn how to box before he went out looking for a fight, and offered to let him join the boxing classes he ran in the gym.

Cassius never did get his bike back. But six weeks later, he got in a ring with another twelve-year-old, a white boy, and beat him. Then he knew everything was going to be all right. The salesmen in the Cadillac showroom downtown got a big laugh at the little Negro, face pressed against the glass, gazing wistfully at the glittering cars inside. "All Cassius talked about was money—turning pro," says Martin. "At first, I didn't encourage him. A year later, though, you could see that little smart aleck had a lot of potential."

Cassius skipped rope for hours to toughen his legs, flailed away at a heavy bag to put power into his punches, sparred with his own mirrored image to quicken his timing and reflexes. There was one terrifying moment at 15, when he flunked a preflight physical. "Heart murmur," said the doctor. But nothing came of it. Cassius rested for four months, then started fighting again. On weekends, he wandered about like a nomad, taking on all comers in amateur tournaments all across the U.S.

Cassius' permanent record at Louisville's Central High School lists his IQ as "average," but when he graduated in 1960, he ranked 376th in a class of 391. He only got into trouble once. He hit a teacher with a snowball and was called to stand up before a disciplinary board. He was terribly sorry, he said. Then he calmly told all three of them he was going to be the heavyweight champion of the world.

The Great Gamble. By 1960, when he was 18, Cassius had piled up 108 amateur bouts, and lost only eight. He won six Kentucky Golden Gloves titles,



CASSIUS WORKING OUT WITH MIRROR
"I'm beeeootiful."

CALVIN PENTRE



THE CLAY SYNDICATE®
That's class, man.

SEN MARTIN

two national Golden Gloves championships, two national A.A.U. titles. "I'm going pro," he told Martin. But the cop said wait. "In boxing," he counseled, "the Olympic champion is already as good as the No. 10-ranked pro." Reluctantly, Cassius boarded the plane for San Francisco and the Olympic trials. Over Indiana, the plane ran into a thunderstorm. Cassius was petrified. He slumped down in his seat, squeezed his eyes shut, and passengers near by could hear him praying over the roar of the engines.

When he won at San Francisco, Cassius threw away his round-trip plane ticket, borrowed money from a referee, and took a train home instead. The Olympics were out, he told Martin. No boat berths were available, and Clay would not fly. Martin sat him on a park bench, told him that the Olympic gold medal was his only chance to be wealthy and famous. "You'll have to gamble your life," he said. "Your whole future depends on this one plane ride to Rome. You'll have to gamble your life." Cassius agreed. It was a big gamble. But he got on the plane. Besides, in Rome, with that name how could he miss?

There were times when people wondered if he was real. Crowds stopped to gawk at the tall, brown gladiator as he ambled along the Via Veneto, grinning, waving, talking to everybody whether they understood him or not. He captured Bing Crosby and went everywhere with him arm in arm. He posed with Heavyweight Champion Floyd Patterson, shook hands solemnly, and crowed: "So long, Floyd, he sein' you—in about two more years." He brushed off a Russian reporter who prodded him about the plight of U.S. Negroes: "Man, the U.S.A. is the best country in the world, counting yours. I ain't fighting off alligators and living in a mud hut." In the Olympic Village, he swarmed over foreign athletes, yelling "Say cheese!" while he snapped photos, swapped team badges, slapped backs, and

winked at pretty girls. They loved him. If there had been an election, he would have won in a walk.

Fighting as a light heavyweight at 178 lbs., he knocked out a befuddled Belgian, flicked past a stolid Russian, an Australian and a Pole. "I didn't take that gold medal off for 48 hours," he says. "I even wore it to bed. I didn't sleep too good because I had to sleep on my back so the medal wouldn't cut me. But I didn't care. I was the Olympic champion."

Two at \$7.95. On his way to Louisville, the conquering hero stopped to let New York pay its respects. He stayed with Joe Martin in a Waldorf Towers suite that belonged to William Reynolds, vice president of the Reynolds Metals Co.—next door to the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. Reynolds asked him if he had brought back any presents for his family. Cassius said no, so Reynolds told him to go out and get some. He picked out a \$250 watch for his mother, a \$100 watch for his father, a \$100 watch for his brother. Still wearing his gold medal around his neck, Clay ate at the Waldorf-Astoria ("The steaks were \$7.95," says Martin, "and Cassius always had two"), toured Greenwich Village looking for beatniks, and whooped delightedly when passers-by recognized him. Tapping a startled cabbie on the shoulder, he said: "Why, I bet even you know that I'm Cassius Clay, the great fighter." Then he bought a bogus newspaper in a penny arcade. The headline: **CASSIUS SIGNS FOR PATTERSON FIGHT.** "Back home," explained Cassius, "they'll think it's real. They won't know the difference."

Louisville gave Cassius a welcoming parade that "crippled the town." He bought

a "rosy pink" hardtop Cadillac on time. And he signed to fight his first professional bout—a six-rounder with a former small-town West Virginia police chief named Tunney Hunsaker. "He's a bum," confided Cassius. "I'll lick him easy." But he still got up at 5 a.m. every day to run at least two miles in Chickasaw Park, and he boxed a few fast training rounds with his younger brother Rudolph.

Cassius had not fought one round as a pro; yet each day's mail brought a new batch of offers. If you desire to have EXCELLENT MANAGER, CALL ME COLLECT TONIGHT, wired Archie Moore. Pete Rademacher, an ex-Olympic champion who was knocked out by Patterson in his pro debut, wanted to manage Clay. So did Patterson's manager, Cus D'Amato. But Cassius was looking for something classier. At first, Sportsman Billy Reynolds seemed to have the inside track. There was only one catch: Reynolds wanted to give Sergeant Martin "a piece of the action." Clay refused. "Martin's amateur," he said. "He can't teach me any more. I need the top-notch people."

Three days before the Hunsaker fight, Clay signed a contract with a syndicate of eleven white businessmen—ten from Louisville, one from New York, all but four millionaires. That was class, man! Organized and run by William Faversham Jr., sometime actor, son of the matinee idol, now a vice president of Brown-Forman Distillers (Jack Daniel's, Old Forester, Early Times), the syndicate includes Faversham's own boss, W. L. Lyons Brown, and William Cutchins, president of Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp. (Viceroy's, Raleigh's). Terms of the deal: a \$10,000 bonus, a salary of \$4,000 a year, all expenses paid, and a fifty-fifty split of all purses.

Minor Disagreement. Could he fight? The syndicate hired veteran Trainer Angelo Dundee to turn the amateur into a pro. "I smoothed Cassius out and put

From left: Archibald M. Foster, Patrick Calhoun Jr., Gordon Davidson (syndicate lawyer), William S. Cutchins, J. D. Stetson Coleman, William Faversham Jr., James Ross Todd, Vernon DeGarmo Smith Sr., George W. Norton IV, William Lee Lyons Brown. Missing from picture: Robert Worth Bingham, Elbert Gary Sutcliffe.

some snap in his punches," says Dundee. "I got him down off his dancing toes so he could hit with power." Says Clay: "Dundee gave me the jab. But the rest is me. What changed the most was my own natural ability." Either way, what happened next was a surprise. "If anyone had told me a year ago that Cassius would develop into an international figure," says Tobaccoman Cutchins, "I would have said he was smoking marijuana."

Cassius won his first six fights, five by knockouts, and most of them before the fourth round. He was ragged enough to make his managers blush, but he was 6 ft. 3 in. tall, weighed 195 lbs., and he seemed to be growing as fast as he talked. He also had the niftiest pair of legs

out to see him box. Half of them adored him; half wanted to be on hand when the loudmouth got his comeuppance. Everyone wanted to know what happened next.

In Louisville, the gate was 3,500 and \$12,000 when he kayoed Alex Mitoff. In Los Angeles, 12,000 fans watched him knock out Alejandro Lavorante in the fifth round. "I only wish," sighed a California matchmaker, "that Cassius Clay were quadruplets." Even Jack Dempsey was impressed: "I don't care if this kid can't fight a lick. I'm for him. Things are live again."

As the knockout record climbed to nine, then, eleven, Cassius started spouting poetry and naming the round in which he

good movements that he can make you do exactly what he wants," said onetime Heavyweight Champion Jack Sharkey. "Great! Great!" nodded Middleweight Paul Pender. "He's the first heavyweight I've ever seen who can get hit with one punch and be gone before the second one comes."

"That Big Ugly Bear." Shooting for the moon, Cassius started talking up a storm about a championship fight with Sonny Liston, the mountainous, oft-arrested badman, who destroyed Patterson in a farce of a fight last September. "That big ugly bear," scoffed Cassius. "I hate him because he's so ugly. I'll murder that bum."

Three weeks ago, the two met in Miami Beach's Fifth Street Gym, where Clay was training for his 18th professional fight and Liston was training for his return bout with Patterson. Cassius started heckling. "You ain't so hot," he sniffed. "Yeah?" snarled Liston. "I could leave both legs at home and beat you." Finally Cassius decided, "I can lick you," and began to climb through the ropes. Sonny wheeled and charged. Back through the ropes tumbled Cassius, chuckling happily. "Get him the hell out of here," said a Liston adviser. Raged Liston: "I'm not training for Patterson—I'm training for Clay."

But first there was a trip to New York and that 18th fight, 18th victory and 15th knockout to dispense with. The match was against Doug Jones, a quiet young New Yorker, who at 26 ranked No. 3 in the heavyweight division. He looked puny beside Cassius—188 lbs. to Cassius' 202, only 6 ft. tall to Cassius' 6 ft. 3 in. But he had won 21 of his 25 fights, and nobody had ever knocked him out.

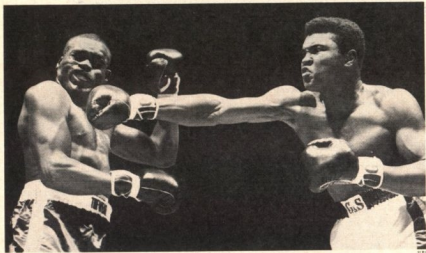
"I'll Annihilate Him." "That Jones!" hooted Cassius. "That ugly little man! I'll annihilate him! You know what this fight means to me? A tomato-red Cadillac Eldorado convertible with white leather upholstery, air conditioning and hi-fi. That's what the group is giving me for a victory present. Can you picture me losing to this ugly bum Jones with that kind of swinging car waiting for me? I get sore, and Jones fall in four."

He said it everywhere—in the newspapers, over the radio, on the *Tonight* show. He even said it in the Bitter End, a Greenwich Village poetry-and-coffee house peopled by curiosities in faded jeans and beads. In his tuxedo, at noon, Clay was a curiosity himself.

My secret is self-confidence, a champion at birth.

I'm lyrical, I'm fresh, I'm smart, My fists have proved my worth, Marcellus vanquished Carthage, Cassius laid Julius Caesar low, And Clay will flatten Douglas Jones With a mighty, measured blow.

Madison Square Garden was sold out five days before the fight for the first time in history. In Room 1049 at the Plymouth Hotel, Cassius Clay was in a happy mood. "The Garden is too small for me," he crowed. "Where are the big places? That's what I need. Maybe the Los Angeles Coliseum. I was up in Har-



IN ACTION AGAINST JONES
He fought off the boos.

since Sugar Ray Robinson. One day in February 1961, he showed up in Miami, where Ingemar Johansson was training for his third fight with Floyd Patterson. Could he spar a little? Cassius asked innocently, and proceeded to dance rings around Johansson. The big Swede went into a slow boil. "What does this kid do?" growled Johansson. "Ride a bicycle ten miles a day?"

Here Comes the Band. A few more fights and, suddenly, people started to take Cassius seriously. Boxing had been a bore for years—ever since the retirement of Rocky Marciano, a real, hairy-chested puncher. The mobsters and their stable of dull pugs were driving the fans away. But here was Cassius, young, handsome, as brassy as a Dixieland band. He raced around like a candidate for mayor in every city he hit, appearing on radio, TV, grabbing headlines by the handful with his talk about how "great—real great" he was. "The only ones I send away," he grinned, "are those guys from the little radio stations—they put you on at 4:30 in the afternoon when no one's at home and no one's listening." Sportswriters started coining names for him—"The Louisville Lip," "Mighty Mouth," "Cassius the Brashiest." People who hadn't been to a fight in ten years began turning

would "annihilate" his hapless opponent.

They all must fall

In the round I call.

That made it even better. He got a fight with bold old Archie Moore, who was working on his 45th knockout when Clay was born. Quoth Cassius:

Archie's been living off the fat of the land

I'm here to give him his pension plan

When you come to the fight, don't block the aisle and don't block the door

You will all go home after Round Four.

At 1:35 of the fourth round, tired old Archie was down for the count, and Cassius was ready with another poem:

Some got mad

And some lost money

When I ripped home that right

As sweet as honey.

When Clay knocked out Charlie Powell, a sometime pro football player, in the third round—just as he promised—people started saying that he had called the shot in all his knockouts. The experts were mesmerized. Maybe, just maybe, he really was the greatest. Cassius soared to No. 2 challenger for the championship, just behind Floyd Patterson, and the papers were full of stories about his clever feints, quick hands and swift legs. "Clay has such

lem today, arguing with 500 people on the corner. I get them to come down here and see Cassius in the Garden. Boxing people are paying their way in. They're wiping off the seats where the pigeons used to sit."

Like Old Times. The day of the fight Clay had insomnia. He got up at 6:30, slipped silently out of the Plymouth, and walked two blocks to Madison Square Garden. Nobody recognized him staring up at the marquee that read TONIGHT—BOXING—CLAY VS. JONES. Clay returned to his room, sprawled on the bed. At 10 he was up again, restless, bubbly, puckish. At the weigh-in, Cassius burst into the room and strode toward the scales—startled laughter in his wake. Even Doug Jones could not resist a smile. There, plastered across the Mighty Mouth, was a 2-in.-wide strip of adhesive tape.

It was still afternoon, but across the street from the Garden, the fight mob began to gather. It was always like that in the old days, when there were fights worth going to and fighters worth talking about. Then the mob gathered on Jacobs Beach, the sidewalk at 49th and Broadway. Now they sit at grey Formica tables in the Garden Cafeteria gulping matzo-ball soup, or at Jack Dempsey's bar sipping Rob Roys. Promoter Jack Solomon was in from London to see the fight. Lester Collins, ten years a manager and now a California businessman, flew to New York because "I heard so much about Clay I had to find out if he's really that good." Ernie Braca, Sugar Ray Robinson's ex-manager, said that even the scalpers were out of tickets. "The wires are red-hot," he said. "Businessmen that never called before. They're offering \$75 for a \$12 ticket. There are 10 million people out there trying to get into 18,000 seats."

It was supposed to be a Clay crowd. In the Boston Herald, Bud Collins had complained that nobody wanted Jones to win. "It is a holy war," he wrote. "Cassius, the savior of boxing, against an opponent whom he calls 'that ugly little man.' Where is the good old American sentiment for the underdog?" By fight time there was plenty of sentiment. Half of Harlem trooped to the Garden to root for New Yorker Jones. For other fans, rooting against Clay was practically a moral obligation. Prideloff Cassius was due for his fall, and they were there to trip him if they could. The lights dimmed. A spotlight caught Jones, a black fireplug of a man, in a yellow and purple robe. The crowd cheered. Then the spot swung around and picked up Clay, dressed all in white—white robe, white trunks, white shoes. The crowd hooted. There was warm applause for the ring introductions—Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, Sugar Ray Robinson, Rocky Graziano, Barney Ross, Dick Tiger—champions all. Then more boos for Clay. And still more, as he danced and waved and made faces at his tormentors.

"Get Cassius! Go get him, Doug!" the

fans chanted. "Get that loudmouth!" And in the first round, Doug almost did. Cassius leaned back, and a looping right caught him flush on the side of the jaw. Clay's knees buckled, his eyes glazed, and he grabbed the ring rope for support. Desperately, Clay shot jabs at Jones's forehead—light, harmless punches designed only to keep Jones at arm's length, to survive the round. The second was even, and in the third, his head clear now, Cassius took command. He raked Jones with left hooks, and the crowd grew surly and silent. Then it was the fateful fourth—the round in which Jones must fall.

He didn't. Irreverently, he snapped off two stiff lefts, spun Cassius around, and landed a thumping afterthought on the

Peanuts rained onto the ring. Casually, Cassius Clay picked up a handful, cracked the shells, and tossed the nuts into his mouth.

On with the Hunt. Not everybody agreed with the crowd. In Miami, where the fight was on closed-circuit TV, Sonny Liston smiled at the catcalls. "He won it," said Liston. "It was Clay's fight." Did Cassius show him anything? Replied Liston: "He showed me I'll get locked up for murder if I fight him." Some sports-writers agreed. Feeling that they had been fooled, they turned on Cassius. He had no punch, no stamina, no stomach for the likes of Liston, they said. Others spotted nuggets of greatness. Work, they decided, clean living, experience—given these, Clay

has an unlimited potential. In his dressing room, Cassius was as sassy as ever. "The referee was the most accurate," he said. "See, I'm as pretty as a girl. There isn't a mark on me." He was still hunting big game. "I want Liston. He can't move as fast as Jones, Doug didn't fall, that's all. But Liston will still go in eight."

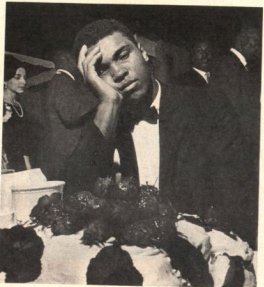
At Small's Paradise in Harlem, his victory party was already in full swing when Clay arrived. Pretty girls—"those foxes," in Cassius's vocabulary—leaned close for pictures. The band blared. The management rustled up a cake decorated with roses and strawberries, and plunked it proudly under Cassius's nose. Cassius smiled, then frowned. He pushed the cake away, popped a pill in his mouth. A doctor whispered in his ear. Suddenly, Clay shoved back his chair and lurched out into the night. All at once, people remembered that he was only 21—and for the first time all evening, he was acting his age.

But did everything turn to ashes in his mouth? No sirree. Another

day, and Cassius was back home in Louisville, hurrying over to Standard Cadillac Co. to collect his reward. He rushed into the showroom, flung his arms high, and shouted: "Tomato-red Cadillac convertible. I am here!"

Tomato-red Eldorado wasn't there, and there wasn't one in all of Louisville. But it will be, and in the meantime Cassius could console himself with his \$13,500 out of the purse and \$10,000 from the 38-city telecast.

As he rode home in a rented Chevrolet, Cassius Marcellus Clay Jr. was already working out the details of his next dream. "There ain't no such thing as love for me," he mused sadly. "Not while I'm goin' on to that championship. But when I get that championship, then I'm goin' to put on my old jeans and get an old hat and grow a beard. And I'm goin' walk down the road until I find a little fox who just loves me for what I am. And then I'll take her back to my \$250,000 house overlooking my \$1,000,000 housing development, and I'll show her the Cadillac and the patio and the indoor pool in case it rains. And I'll tell her: 'This is all yours, honey, 'cause you love me for what I am.'"



AT VICTORY PARTY
He finally acted his age.

back of his head. Angry now, Cassius retaliated, exhausting his repertory in a flurry of incredibly swift punches that were enough to win him the round but not immortality. The boos followed him back to his corner.

By the end of the eighth round, Clay knew he was not going to knock out Jones. He knew something else too: that he was behind in the fight. Jab, jab, jab, hook, hook, he poured it on in the ninth and tenth. A hard right to the face rocked him, but still Cassius kept flailing, throwing five punches to every one of Jones's, piling up precious points. The huge crowd, knowing it was close, waited tensely for the verdict. Announcer Johnny Addie called for the mike. "Both judges score it five . . . four . . . one even—for Clay! Referee Joe Loscalzo scores it . . ."

The crowd exploded with a wave of ugly sound that engulfed Addie's voice. It was a good thing: the referee's card (eight rounds for Clay, one for Jones, one even) was absurd. The chant started in the upper balconies: "Fix! Fix! Fix! Fake! Fake! Fake!" A photographer at ringside was knocked cold by a flying object that creased the back of his skull.

RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICISM A Saint for the U.S.

Italy, at last count, had 40,000 native-born saints recognized by the Roman Catholic Church. The U.S., the nation with the world's second largest Catholic population (after Brazil), has none,* but one is in the making. This week in Rome, following Vatican approval of two miracles attributed to her intervention with God—one a medically inexplicable cure of cancer, the other a recovery from leukemia—Elizabeth Ann Bayley Seton, founder of the American branch of the worldwide order known as the Daughters of Charity, was enrolled among the beatified of the church. Attending the formal ceremonies at St. Peter's were more than 3,000 American pilgrims, including Cardinals Spellman and Ritter and 15-year-old Anne

able home near the Battery. But by the turn of the century, William Seton's fortune had collapsed, and so had his health. On their doctor's advice, they went to Italy in 1803, where Seton hoped to recoup his health and financial losses. There he died, leaving Betty Seton, at 20, a nearly penniless widow with five children.

Italian friends introduced her to Catholicism; she formally converted to the faith in 1805 after her return to New York, and found that this apostasy shut society's doors to her. In desperation, she opened a boardinghouse for schoolboys in New York, and when that faltered, a girls' school in the more Catholic city of Baltimore. In 1809, she formed a religious community of women at Emmitsburg, Md. There she started what was, in effect, the first Catholic parochial school in the U.S. By the time she died, of tubercu-



CARDINAL SPELLMAN & ANNE O'NEILL
After 40,000 Italians.

O'Neill of Baltimore, whose leukemia cure is attributed to prayers to Mother Seton.

From Fashion to Faith. Elizabeth Seton was born in 1774 to the Bayley family of pre-Revolutionary New York. Her father was a doctor, and her family was related to some of the great Dutch pioneer families—the Roosevelts and the Van Cortlandts; Alexander Hamilton and John Jay were close family friends. Raised as an Episcopalian, pretty Betty Bayley was a gay, open girl who loved dances and parties. At 19, she married William Magee Seton, heir to a New York mercantile fortune, in the biggest social event of the 1794 season. The Rt. Rev. Samuel Provost, first Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, officiated at the ceremony.

The Setons settled down in a fashion-



MOTHER SETON

lous, in 1821, her tiny order had expanded to ten houses. In 1850, it united with the Daughters of Charity, founded by France's St. Vincent de Paul.

God or a Cup of Coffee. Busy, bird-like Mother Seton was a woman both stern and sentimental. As a girl, she was wildly eclectic in her spiritual life, combining deep faith in the Episcopal Church with love for such scandalous deists as Voltaire and Rousseau. Tough when she had to be, Mother Seton fought priestly superiors who crossed her path, alternately teased and bullied her two sons. When one of her nuns failed to receive Communion because she had broken her fast with a cup of coffee, Mother Seton showed little sympathy. "Ah, my dear," she said, "how could you sell your God for a miserable cup of coffee?"

If Rome's Sacred Congregation of Rites can find two new miracles that are attributable to her intercession before God, Mother Seton will become St. Elizabeth Ann Seton. Her chances are good. Both Pius XII and John XXIII have been eager to reward U.S. Catholicism with a

saint or two, and have looked with favor on her cause. Nor is there much worry about the \$50,000 it often takes to finance the investigations that precede canonization. Mother Seton's spiritual daughters, now 11,000 strong, constitute the largest of U.S. religious orders for women, and operate some of the most successful of the nation's Catholic colleges and high schools for girls.

PROTESTANTISM

Methodist Whirlwind

The Methodist Church, Bishop Garfield Bromley Oxnam once hinted, needed both the whirlwind evangelist and the stable, district-bound administrator; for it owed as much to George Whitefield, who "preached and passed," as to John Wesley, who "organized and abided." Methodist Oxnam, who died last week at 71 from bronchial pneumonia,* shared in the qualities of both men. No U.S. Protestant leader of his time preached more ardently about the causes he cared for; few churchmen were his equal at the homely, slighted arts of governing a district or chairing a conference.

Brisk, stocky G. Bromley Oxnam, the liberal son of a politically conservative mining executive, was one of those men to whom success seems as natural as sleep. He was a tennis champion and a football star at the University of Southern California. Assigned to a rundown parish in the Los Angeles slums, he renamed it the Church of All Nations and rebuilt it into one of the showcases of his faith. He was president of DePauw University in Indiana from 1928 to 1936 and then became, at 44, the youngest bishop of his church at that time. Oxnam took the honor lightly, and with some wit. Shortly after he was elevated to the episcopacy, a friend began a conversation with "My God, Bishop . . ." "No," Oxnam interrupted, "it's Milord Bishop."

Passion for Punctuality. Oxnam was a thorough and energetic church official. In the four areas he directed—Omaha, Boston, New York and Washington—he made it a point to inspect every one of his churches from basement to belfry, sometimes at the rate of 25 churches a day. His passion for punctuality allowed him the luxury of additional churchly duties: he served as president of the Federal Council of Churches (predecessor of the National Council) and as co-president of the World Council of Churches.

A lifelong advocate of leftist causes, Oxnam joined scores of semi-political groups, including some—such as the Council of American-Soviet Friendship—that were later exposed as Communist fronts. Republican Congressman Donald Jackson of California in 1953 charged on the floor of the House that Oxnam "served God on Sunday and the Communist front

* Caught after recuperating from a successful operation to correct Parkinson's disease, performed by famed Surgeon Irving S. Cooper, who developed the method of destroying nerve cells responsible for palsy by freezing them deep in the brain.

* St. Frances Xavier Cabrini, canonized in 1946, was a U.S. citizen, but she was born in Italy. Also sometimes considered "American" saints are Isaac Jogues, Jean de Brebeuf, and their six companions, Jesuit missionaries who were killed by the Mohawk and Iroquois Indians in the 17th century.



ERNEST HAMLIN BAKER

BISHOP OXNAM
Instead of Marx, Christ.

for the balance of the week." Oxnham requested and got a well-publicized hearing from House Un-American Activities Committee, belligerently went through a ten-hour session countering the subcommittee's sloppily documented charges. At the end, the Congressmen wearily agreed that Oxnham had no tinge of Red.

"Exploitation of Man." Perhaps inevitably, Oxnham developed a fairly wide circle of enemies. He riled businessmen with his comments on the inequities of capitalism, stirred a number of Catholic bishops—including New York's Francis Cardinal Spellman—to public protest by his angry, blunt attacks on the political aims of Catholicism. Yet his opponents never questioned his moving belief in the brotherhood of man under God.

"Men who affirm that nothing can separate us from the love of God must renounce the practical atheism that lies in the affirmation that God is not relevant to all the activities of men," he said in a memorable sermon to the second Assembly of the World Council of Churches in 1954. "Christians must be more interested in abolishing the exploitation of man by man than any Communist can possibly be. We must make it plain that the Christian demand for justice does not come from Karl Marx. It comes from Jesus Christ and the Hebrew prophets. We are children of a God of love. We are brothers."

CLERGY

Lady in the Pulpit

Olle and Barbro Stahl live in Stockholm's working-class Stora Essingen District. Every morning Olle, 32, kisses Barbro goodbye at the door of their flat and drives his Volkswagen to the city's Vantör parish church, where he is a curate. Barbro, 30, spends an hour or so with her son Krister and then goes across her garden to the Essinge parish church, where she is assistant pastor.

"Let your women keep silence in the churches," enjoined St. Paul, and Christian tradition is strongly on the side of an all-male clergy. Outside Orthodoxy, the Anglican Communion and Roman Catholicism, however, the desperate need

for clergy has given many churchmen cause to think twice about the validity of custom. Now at least 50 of the 168 churches belonging to the World Council of Churches admit women to the ministry. Barbro is the fifth of seven women to be elevated by the Swedish state Church to the Lutheran priesthood since Parliament authorized such an appointment in 1959.

She and Olle met in high school at Lund in 1949, went on to study theology together at the university there. They were married before receiving their degrees in 1958, and she worked as a secretary in a parish house before the legal change cleared the way for her ordination. Her clerical duties are long and tiring. Lutheran ministers in Sweden are also civil servants, responsible for recording all births, marriages and deaths. She has visits from parishioners in search of spiritual help, spends most of her evenings on youth work or speaking to women's organizations. Barbro also teaches Sunday school and every other week officiates at the parish Communion service.

There is still plenty of opposition to women ministers in Sweden, and last week Barbro was refused permission to preach in the cathedral of Linköping. Another handicap is her tranquil good looks. "This is not a suitable attribute for a priest," thundered one church magazine after her ordination. "Her beauty might awaken wrong feelings in male parishioners."

Barbro, on the other hand, finds that as a woman minister she is able to communicate with young people, especially girls, "who are able to talk to me about things they could not tell a male priest." Barbro is well liked by her parishioners, who seem to share her contempt for the Pauline shibboleth. "The time we live in," she says, "requires that both men and women help carry out and spread the teachings of Christ. Tradition is to help people, and not to bind them."



REPORTAGE/60

MINISTERS STAHL & STAHL AT HOME
Despite Paul and all.

**UNCHALLENGED TOURNAMENT
LEADER
FOR THE**



**STRAIGHT
YEAR**

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AND AMATEURS IN BIG-TIME
COMPETITION THAN ANY
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BLACK MAGIC!

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U.S. BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Steel's Cautious Hopes

The skies glowed red again last week over the nation's steel cities as the bothered and beleaguered steel industry hummed with the greatest activity in many months.

In the steadiest gain in a year and a half, the mills melted well over 2,000,000 tons a week, raising the industry's operating rate to 70.1% of capacity. Production is up 68% from last July, and new orders are running at their heaviest rate in more than a year. To meet the new demand, Youngstown Sheet & Tube relit three ironmaking blast furnaces and nine steelmaking open hearths. Chicago's Inland Steel recalled 1,500 workers from long layoffs. Outside Pittsburgh, U.S. Steel

Government would not tolerate—a labor stoppage in steel this year, steel customers are actually doing less hedge buying than before last year's contract talks. Industry sources estimate that hedging accounts for no more than 15% of all orders. Though the thriving automakers are prudently stockpiling heavily, most of the industry-wide pickup reflects immediate need. Tinplate demand is rising as the canning season approaches, and appliance makers need more steel because their sales are running 12% to 20% above last year's high levels. Builders also need more structural steel because of the rise in capital spending (see below).

Small Fear. As a result of the new demand, steel prices, which softened after President Kennedy rebuffed the industry's try to raise prices last April, have begun

now. The industry prefers to work fewer men longer rather than hire more. It thus saves on social security and other fringe benefits that it would have to pay extra men—one cost-cutting practice that is sure to demand the union's attention when the time comes to sit around the negotiating table.

Outlook Optimistic

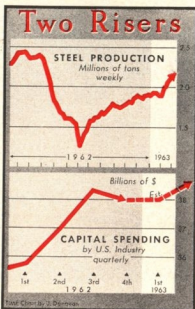
If all economists were laid end to end, they still would not reach a conclusion.

—George Bernard Shaw

In a speech to the Advertising Council last week in Washington, President Kennedy declared that he was "more than ever convinced" of the truth of Shaw's waspish comment. He noted that



AUTOMATED STEEL POUR AT U.S. STEEL'S SOUTH CHICAGO PLANT
Amid the red glow, a bit of smog.



reopened its obsolescent Edgar Thomson Works, usually one of the last to resume production during a pickup.

Immediate Need. To an industry that has been stagnating in its own recession for at least two years, all this should have been cause for noisy celebration. But steelmen have had to pay the piper for premature celebrations before, and caution hung over the steel centers like smog. No one could be quite sure how much of the fresh demand was business hedging against the possibility of a strike when labor contracts reopen after April 30. Government steel analysts feel that this fall steel should be able to avoid another tumble like last year's, and hope to see steel production rise 3% to about 101 million tons in 1963. Other economists are not so sure. Says George Cloos, senior economist of the Chicago Federal Reserve Bank: "Strike or no, there will be a drop in steel production in the coming months."

Because they are convinced that neither management nor labor wants—and that

to firm. But there is small fear of a price increase; foreign imports and domestic competition yield as big a club as Kennedy ever did. Cut-price imports rose from 3,100,000 tons in 1961 to 4,100,000 tons in 1962. Aluminum, concrete, glass, plastics and other substitute materials have taken away another 2,000,000 tons a year of business that steel used to count on. Steelmakers now concede that they were too long indifferent to the competition of other materials, and to fight back are boosting their capital spending 11% this year, most of it for modernization. Jones & Laughlin recently opened a new mill for "thin tin" plate to compete against the increasingly popular aluminum cans that pull open without punching. U.S. Steel is finally building two highly productive "basic oxygen" steel furnaces.

Such improvements will cut costs and increase productivity, but will scarcely create new jobs. There are 66,000 fewer steelworkers than there were last May, when production was about the same as

with economists today "every problem has several alternative solutions, and every answer raises several questions." But the President had no doubt about his own solution for what ails the U.S. economy; he again asked support for raising the national debt limit, cutting taxes, and running the budget at a deficit. If these measures are blocked, said Kennedy, the result would be a "downturn for the American economy as a whole." The New York Times editorialized that this "amounts to buck-passing in advance, aimed at pinning the blame on Congress for any possible recession."

Drawing on history to drive home his point, Kennedy blamed "a Republican President and a Democratic Congress" for bringing on the 1958 recession by deciding "to keep the debt limit unrealistically low, to cut back and stretch out budget expenditures, to tighten monetary policy, and reject all efforts at tax reduction." The results: unemployment went from 4% to 6%, the growth rate of gross

national product slipped from 4% a year to 3%, and business spending on new plants and equipment fell in 1962 to a lower level than in 1957.

Running for Cover. But while Kennedy was warning of recession, economists were scanning one of the most eagerly awaited statistics of the year, and from it finding themselves in more agreement than Shaw thought them capable of. The statistic was the Commerce Department's survey of what U.S. business plans to spend on plant and equipment in 1963, which economists regard as a key to economic activity for the rest of the year. Capital spending, said the department, will hit a record \$39.1 billion, up 5% from last year. Best of all, the bellwether durable-goods industry intends to spend \$7.7 billion, for an increase of 11%.

From these encouraging figures, many economists concluded that the prospects

CORPORATIONS

Making Money

The American Bank Note Co. is a stalwart old institution that makes money by making money. The oldest and richest of the three U.S. firms that still print bank notes, it is a sort of job-lot treasurer that churns out paper money for 55 nations around the world, including Colombia, Ecuador, Brazil, Mexico, Egypt and Guatemala. From its presses last year 25 million stock certificates and 7.5 million bonds, all the travelers' checks for American Express and four other firms, corporate checks for more than 2,000 of the nation's largest firms, and postage stamps for 65 nations.

Bank Note is kept busy these days filling orders for money from young nations and performing rush jobs for some old nations ravaged by inflation. Last week its

munist in 1949, lost another big customer two years ago when Cuba's Castro switched to Czech-printed money. Bank Note does not think much of Cuba's new currency. "It's not secure, not secure at all," sniffs Colclough.

As an earlier president once declared, "the greatest asset of this company is its mystery." Bank Note has always been extraordinarily concerned with security, keeps its premises closely guarded. With half of its business now in printing securities for such corporate giants as A.T. & T., General Motors, Du Pont and General Electric, it often knows months in advance that a company is planning a stock split or a new bond issue—information Wall Street speculators would love to have. And to foil counterfeiters, it uses special paper embedded with colored disks, mixes its own inks, and even makes its own special presses. Every item is counted and recorded 33 times from raw paper to finished product, and rejects are cremated in blazing furnaces.

Subtle Tone. Mostly, however, Bank Note depends on the skills of its 33 engravers to carve into steel the distinctive drawings and intricate designs that counterfeiters find hard to duplicate. This art has produced a special style, replete with folded robes, bare-chested men, and half-naked women who seem to be a cross between a Wagnerian soprano and the White Rock nymph. Stock Exchange regulations, in fact, insist that vignettes on stock certificates include a human figure with visible areas of flesh. The subtle tone of fleshy areas and the folds of robes are thought to be the hardest features to copy.

PERSONNEL

Making Change at A. & P.

Ralph W. Burger was the personal choice of Brothers George and John Hartford to succeed them as head of the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., founded by their father in 1859. But in his six years as chairman-president of A. & P., Burger has had less success with other Hartford family shareholders, who together hold about 40% of A. & P.'s stock. In 1958, at their insistence, A. & P. added outside directors to its board for the first time. Two months ago, the six outsiders vigorously dissented from Burger's selection of Vice President and Treasurer John D. Ehrgott, 67, to succeed him as president. They argued that Ehrgott was too old—and their criticism implied that at 73 Burger was also too old to continue as chairman and chief executive. A. & P. has been slipping in sales and earnings while some competitors marked up gains.

Last week Burger announced that he will soon step down from his job to devote more time to the philanthropic Hartford Foundation. In what seemed to be a peacemaking gesture toward the family, five more outside directors were added to the A. & P. board (bringing the outside force to 11 out of 25 directors), including three of the family attorneys. At this point, it is still unclear whether Ehrgott will step up to run the company or, if not, who will.



WRAPPING MEXICAN PESOS
Lots of bare flesh is needed.



BANK NOTE'S COLCLOUGH

SEN HARTON

of a recession this year have just about vanished. Said one senior Government economist: "The results of this survey should send the pessimists running for cover." On the other hand, no one thought that the new figures were good enough to spell a real economic upsurge, and that view was supported by the Federal Reserve Board's report that industrial production remained unchanged in February. Capital spending still amounts to only 6.8% of this year's projected \$578 billion gross national product v. 1957's 8.3%. To bring on boom times, economists agree, capital spending should rise 13% to 15% over last year.

Rueful Note. The new spending figures only increased the President's worry that his programs will have a hard time in Congress. Departing from his text, Kennedy ruefully noted that Presidents always get blamed for recessions—even when they try to prevent them. Said he: "When things go bad, the chicken comes to roost on the President's house"—an aphorism that, if not up to Shavian standards, is at least a demonstrable truth.

printing plant in New York City's Bronx was busy printing a rush order of 5,000-cruzeiro notes (present value: \$1) for inflation-ridden Brazil. "We really prefer a well customer to a sick one," says Chairman and President W. Frederic Colclough, 57, who runs the company's five plants (three U.S., one Canadian, one British), from a colonnaded granite building near Wall St. But, naturally, since inflation starts the printing presses rolling, he concedes: "We have mixed feelings." Well they might: last year Bank Note's sales hit a record \$26.4 million and profits a new high of \$1,900,000.

Body Blows. Although it took its present corporate form in 1911, Bank Note likes to trace its history back through 50-odd companies to a colonial engraver named Robert Scot. Until the Federal Bureau of Engraving and Printing opened in 1862, the company printed virtually all U.S. currency. A changing world usually means good times for Bank Note, but change has also dealt the company some severe blows. It lost its biggest customer for paper money when China went Com-



MOST EVERYONE IN JACK DANIEL'S HOLLOW has sense enough to get out of the rain, but even that doesn't cause much hurry.

We still make our whiskey the slow, old-fashioned Tennessee way. And that calls for Charcoal Mellowing every drop down through 10 feet of rick-burned, hard maple charcoal... a leisurely trip that takes twice as long as all the other whiskey-making steps put together. So you see, all the time and patience we put into Jack Daniel's sippin' whiskey has kept us out of the habit of hurrying.



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TIME, MARCH 22, 1963

MANAGEMENT

Thinking Small

While unemployment grows among the unskilled and semiskilled, U.S. business cannot seem to get enough of one prized employee: the executive. This week, months before graduation, executive recruiters are swarming over U.S. campuses in their spring recruitment drive for trainees. The big, nationwide companies dominate the scene. Despite the blandishments of big companies, however, an increasing number of both young and seasoned executives

which usually cannot afford a broad spectrum of specialists, young executives often work simultaneously in marketing, advertising and accounting, sometimes carry out complex negotiations involving labor contracts, mergers and loans. Small companies promote the idea of sharing an expanding future, and are more apt to offer their executives stock options. Some are also beginning to pay higher salaries than many larger companies.

Formula for Success. In the growing competition for executive talent, large companies are trying to recover the nim-



ARBUCKLE



PORCH



KRIM

Big executives in little companies grow.

utives are choosing smaller firms (those not among the top 500 U.S. corporations) as the best place to pursue their careers.

Smaller companies now attract a respectable 15% of the graduates of Harvard Business School, a traditional training ground for big business, and 40% of those from Southern Methodist. A recent poll showed that 65% of the students at Stanford Business School preferred to enter smaller businesses. Says Stanford Business Dean Ernest C. Arbuckle: "There has been a great growth of interest in the smaller companies in the past five years."

Opportunities & Options. The big firms, of course, still catch far more men than the smaller ones. They have more jobs to offer, as well as old-name prestige, big money—up to \$625 a month for a beginning engineer—and the security that attaches to a well-diversified company. But such giants as Jersey Standard admit that some executives frequently feel a sense of frustration in the big corporation. The chief lure of small companies is greater responsibility in a hurry. Says Boston's Norman Krim, who swapped a Raytheon vice-presidency for the presidency of a discount house called Radio Shack: "You can move fast in a small outfit, but in a big company you have to wait for six or eight people up ahead of you." Promotions are swifter in small companies because competition is weaker; ideas also move to the top faster because fewer committees stand in the way.

"No one in a large company can avoid becoming specialized," says onetime Ford Executive William Porch, now vice president of Detroit's Fenestra Inc., a maker of building products. In small companies,

bleness of the small company, Standard Oil of California has set up a department to scout out promising young executives who might otherwise get lost in the company, shifting them among departments to show them fresh challenges and hints of better things to come. General Electric, a company that has broken itself into smaller divisions, sends promising younger executives back to college for advanced degrees. These steps should in time help smaller companies, too, since some of their best executives were first trained by big companies. At a recent meeting in New Jersey, eight small-company presidents framed a formula for success: "Hard work, persistence, luck, patience—and learn everything you can from General Motors."

HIGH FINANCE

Cohn's Costly Toy

When Roy Marcus Cohn at 32 bought control of Lionel Corp. in 1959, he was something like a little boy with a big toy. He switched the profitless model-train maker into everything from electronics to parachutes, brought in former Army Missile Chief John B. Medaris as president. Lionel turned into the black in 1960, but then some of Cohn's costly schemes began to sour. The company lost \$2,500,000 in 1961, another \$4,000,000 in 1962; Cohn shucked off several of the new subsidiaries and eased out General Medaris. Last week the word went out that Cohn was surrendering the controls at Lionel. First step: granting options for his 55,000 shares to a group headed by Manhattan Entrepreneur Victor Muscat.

Cohn stands to take a stock loss. The Lionel shares that he bought for \$15 each closed last week at \$6.50, which even at that represented a \$1.25 rise for the week on news of Cohn's retreat. Cohn probably needs the money to finance another of his playthings, Championship Sports, Inc. Championship must have \$200,000 to promote next month's heavyweight rematch between Sonny Liston and Floyd Patterson, but most of its proceeds from the first Liston-Patterson match were seized by the Internal Revenue Service. Helpfully, ex-Champion Patterson has lent the outfit \$125,000 to help finance his rematch.

No stranger to tight corners, Cohn has usually extricated himself with the footwork and quickness of tongue he learned as chief inquisitor for the late Senator Joseph McCarthy in the days when Cohn and Schine were names to reckon with. In recent years, bankrolled in part by high-interest moneylenders in Hong Kong and Panama, Cohn has restlessly bobbed in and out of control of five travel agencies, two airline-insurance companies, a savings and loan association, a small loan company and a swimming-pool building company. His associates in various deals have ranged from the late Columnist George Sokolsky to Lionel Executive Paul Hughes, who was named a co-conspirator but not a defendant in the \$5,000,000 United Dye Swindle (TIME, March 15).

Though Cohn claims to have become a millionaire from all his ventures, he may well be squeezed for cash. He stands to collect a windfall soon from the Fifth Avenue Coach Lines, which the City of New York seized after Cohn and his friends gained control. A court fight over how much the city should pay to the dispossessed owners is due to be settled soon, very likely at a profit for Cohn. Cohn says that he owns 12,000 to 13,000 shares of Fifth Avenue Coach that he bought at an average of \$15.50 each. Since then, the price of the stock has doubled.



HENRY GROSSMAN

ROY COHN
Big deals in tight corners.

“We’d be pretty sure we’d have no port to return to—and no families left waiting.”

Thus a young U.S. missile-control technician describes how it would feel to be aboard a Polaris submarine when—if ever—the order to fire came.

A LIFE correspondent and a photographer returned recently from a shakedown cruise aboard the *George Washington*. The word and picture story they brought back appears in this week’s LIFE.

This is a report of brave and able men studying, fighting boredom, showing their ingenuity in a hundred different ways as they rehearse their roles for a day they pray will never come. LIFE describes in detail the complex, interlocking electronic firing systems which could launch the one American weapon Khrushchev says he fears.

LIFE

... Beneath the sea, a mighty deterrent; in outer space, a race toward the unknown: each week, LIFE reports on the forces and issues which shape the future of our world. This kind of reporting has a magnetic attraction for people who care. People you like to talk to read LIFE.

WORLD BUSINESS

INVESTMENT

A Very Delicate Question

Though the economic health of Western Europe is good, the Continent is bothered by a troublesome Achilles' heel. The difficulty is the failure of postwar Europe to generate enough investment capital either to meet its own needs or to enable it to play an overdue role in world financing. So inadequate are its capital markets that Europe has to depend heavily on the New York money market, thus contributing to the U.S. balance of payments deficit.

Last year foreign governments and companies borrowed a record \$1.2 billion on Wall Street; Europe not only took a fourth of that for itself, but saddled the U.S. with the investment needs of many developing countries that should be partially served by European capital. Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon and Under Secretary Robert Roosa have complained publicly to Europeans about this drain.

Controls & Ceilings. As Europe's economies get stronger, their demands on the U.S. capital market steadily mount. Last year European countries borrowed nearly twice as much in the U.S. as they did from one another. The French South European Pipeline Company raised \$40 million; Holland's Philips Lamp sold an \$80 million stock offering; West German electrical equipment maker Siemens & Halske borrowed \$25 million, and the European Coal and Steel Community took another \$25 million. Most of them would have been hard-pressed to raise as much at home. Britain has a long line of municipalities waiting for capital, and West German Shipbuilder Willy Schlieker went broke last year after overextending himself with short-term credits because long-term loans were so hard to get.

Throughout most of Europe, getting investment capital is a major business problem. Britain, the most highly developed capital market in Europe, effectively limits most of its loans to the Commonwealth and the sterling area. France imposes such heavy restrictions on capital that only 15% of the investment of its own businessmen comes from the capital market. The Dutch and the Swiss both clamp ceilings on what they will lend.



PARIS BOURSE
Across the sea for cash.

Most German interest rates are so high—and bankers demand so much control over companies that they lend to—that earlier this year the prosperous Neckermann mail-order house sought almost all of a \$10 million loan outside Germany (\$1.2 million in the U.S.) to keep out of the bankers' clutches.

Outside of Britain, Europe has no tradition of a free capital market. Its many family-held enterprises have long preferred to scrimp to finance expansion out of profits rather than to float stock issues that might bring in outsiders. Many of today's rigid controls are a heritage of the desperate need of postwar European governments to ration every asset. Now that more capital is available, most of it is soaked up by expensive government welfare programs. Little risk capital comes from wage earners, who are still wary of risking their savings on the Continental bourses.

No Illusions. Europeans at first regarded the U.S. fretting about their thin capital markets as merely raising "a very delicate question." But now that European businessmen are beginning to undergo the rigors of a profit squeeze and need more outside capital, they are feeling the capital shortage strongly. The Common

Market has ambitious plans to free capital movements among the Six by 1967, and the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development is meanwhile urging liberalization within each country. A French study commission has recommended such measures, and Italy has passed regulations forcing banks to put more funds into long-term loans.

CANADA

Aluminium Unlimited

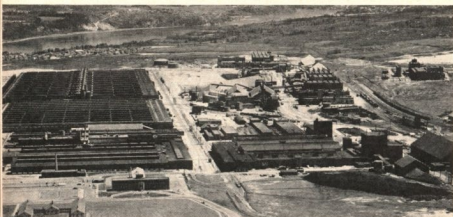
In Canada, where superlatives are especially prized because there are so few of them, the favorite word of Montreal's Aluminium Limited is "biggest." Aluminium[®] prides itself on having the world's biggest aluminum smelter, the biggest private hydroelectric project, and the biggest bauxite production. Last week, at its annual meeting, Aluminium announced the best superlative of them all: in 1962 it comfortably maintained its lead as the world's largest primary aluminum producer. As sales rose 8% to a record \$515 million, and profits jumped 24% to \$34 million, Aluminium poured 790,000 tons of aluminum around the world vs. 700,000 by the U.S.'s Alcoa, its fiercest competitor.

Though all this greatly pleases Canadians, who are happy to see the Yanks second best in something, Aluminium is not so much a Canadian company as a truly international one. Its founders came from Pittsburgh, its plants span 30 countries from Japan to Africa, and 85% of its sales are made in more than 100 foreign nations. Says President Nathanael Vining Davis, 47, a Harvard-educated ('38) U.S. citizen: "Canada can use only 15% of our output. We have to sell the rest of it to the world."

Low Costs. Aluminium was created largely by Davis' imaginative uncle, the late Arthur Vining Davis, longtime chief of the Aluminium Company of America. Partly to satisfy U.S. trustbusters, Alcoa in 1928 tied its foreign branches into a single package and spun them off as Aluminium. Since 1951, when a federal court ordered Alcoa to sell off the last of its stock holdings, Alcoa's prime interest in Aluminium has been to block it from winning more of the U.S. market, which is Aluminium's No. 1 customer.

Aluminium comfortably skims tariff barriers because it is a low-cost producer, benefiting from Canada's lower-wage labor, devalued dollar and abundance of cheap electric power. Harnessing the remote Saguenay River, Aluminium cut into the trackless wilds of northern Quebec to build the dams that now power the smelter at Arvida (a contraction of Arthur Vining Davis). For the still bigger Kitimat power project in British Columbia, it carved a ten-mile tunnel into a mountain, created a waterfall 16 times as high as Niagara Falls and built a

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Issue	Number of Shares We Sold	Number of Separate Transactions	Issue	Number of Shares We Sold	Number of Separate Transactions
ALLIED CHEMICAL CORP.	10,000*	101	HOWARD JOHNSON CO.	17,400	287
AMERICAN CHICLE CO.	15,605*	171	IDEAL CEMENT CO.	27,000*	182
AMERICAN HOSPITAL SUPPLY CORP.	90,523	1,232	KELLOGG COMPANY	6,000*	5
AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHY EQUIPMENT CO.	100,197	517	MARSH & MCLENNAN	16,882	579
ARIZONA PUBLIC SERVICE CO.	52,400	550	MARYLAND CUP CORP.	18,315	221
BAXTER LABORATORIES, INC.	37,163	512	MAYTAG CO.	108,834	1,032
E. J. BRACH & SONS	23,572	319	MEADOW BROOK NATIONAL BANK	16,900	196
CAMPBELL SOUP CO.	27,014	484	MOSLER SAFE CO.	18,890	232
CAMPBELL SOUP CO.	4,055	103	NATIONAL BANK OF RUTHERFORD	3,000	35
CAMPBELL SOUP CO.	4,600	70	NATIONAL CASH REGISTER CO.	2,732	56
CHESEBROUGH-POND'S INC.	7,000	106	NATIONAL PROPANE CORP.	4,170	33
C. I. T. FINANCIAL CORP.	92,460*	784	NEW ENGLAND ELECTRIC SYSTEM	146,601	1,423
CLARK EQUIPMENT CO.	20,187	167	PACIFIC INTERMOUNTAIN EXPRESS CO.	32,661	318
CONTINENTAL CASUALTY CO.	3,000	40	PACIFIC NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO	5,000	65
CTS CORP.	32,258	330	PENNEY (J. C.) COMPANY, INC.	10,000*	71
DELTA AIR LINES, INC.	40,598	492	PORTLAND GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.	8,869	138
DIAMOND ALKALI CO.	30,000*	288	PROCTOR & GAMBLE CO.	19,145	358
DIACRETT COMPANY	5,245	64	PUBLIC SERVICE CO. OF COLORADO	3,545	24
FIDELITY UNION TRUST CO.—NEWARK	5,000	60	PUBLIC SERVICE CO. OF NEW MEXICO	3,415	45
FILON CORP.	7,000	188	PUGET SOUND POWER & LIGHT CO.	12,869	165
FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO.	20,000*	161	RUSSELL STOVER CANDIES, INC.	14,678	183
FIRST AMERICAN NAT'L BANK—NASHVILLE	2,466	42	RUSS TOGS, CLASS A	49,885	466
FLORIDA GAS CO.	30,323	227	SAFeway STORES, INC.	114,500*	1,317
FORD MOTOR COMPANY	155,262	3,657	SCHERING CORPORATION	25,000*	243
FRAM CORPORATION	30,472	311	SCHLUMBERGER LTD.	16,000	182
GENERAL MILLS, INC.	51,115*	467	SMITH KLINE & FRENCH LABORATORIES	5,000	85
GENERAL MOTORS CORP.	40,820	508	SOUTH CAROLINA ELECTRIC & GAS CO.	1,752	41
GENERAL MOTORS CORP.	110,130	2,024	SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA EDISON CO.	115,271	1,373
GENERAL MOTORS CORP.	100,201	1,736	SPENCER CHEMICAL CO.	7,075	57
GENERAL PUBLIC UTILITIES CORP.	201,420*	2,362	STANDARD & POOR'S CORP.	15,010	659
GENERAL PUBLIC UTILITIES CORP.	43,300*	501	STOKELY-VAN CAMP, INC.	9,251	99
GENESCO INC.	118,000*	1,332	SUN OIL CO.	28,447*	238
GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.	35,600*	331	THOROK CHEMICAL CORPORATION	33,200*	315
GROlier INC.	11,118	144	THOMASVILLE FURNITURE INDUSTRIES INC.	16,500	275
HALLIBURTON CO.	15,000	239	TIME INCORPORATED	5,500	72
HARCOBURY, BRACE & WORLD, INC.	4,077	20	UNITED MERCHANTS & MANUFACTURERS, INC.	94,100*	1,046
HERCULES POWDER CO.	25,000	133	WALLACE PRESS, INC.	7,885	64
HERSHEY CHOCOLATE CORP.	14,800*	152	WHITE MOTOR CO.	7,300*	82
HILTON HOTELS CORP.	35,328*	272	WIEGAND (EDWIN L.) CO.	21,083	198
HOT SHOPS, INC.	7,088	111	WINN-DIXIE STORES, INC.	42,004	334
HOUSTON CORP. (FLORIDA GAS CO.)	20,000	116	YOUNGSTOWN SHEET & TUBE CO.	25,500*	384

In addition to the above, we had minor participations in several other offerings.

If you have a block of securities that you would like to sell, may we invite your inquiry? For a confidential discussion of the problem, just phone or write to Joseph C. Quinn, Vice President.



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smelter with an awesome annual capacity of 300,000 tons.

New Process. Aluminium uses its selling power deftly abroad, lest it court higher tariffs. Instead of pushing aggressively, its smoothly multilingual salesmen overseas seek to sell ingots to local fabricators—which are often Aluminium subsidiaries with local shareholders, directors and managers. "We can't run our foreign operating companies from Montreal," says President Davis, who jets around the world two or three times a year to help stitch together the loose empire.

Knowing that it must export to survive, Aluminium is now experimenting with a radically new process that could make it even more competitive. Scheduled to start producing next year at Arvida is a new plant designed to produce aluminum directly from bauxite, without first converting it into saltlike alumina. If successful, that process alone would cut production costs by 25%.

GREECE

The Classical Approach

Despite the impressive skills of modern science, the way to discover profitable mineral deposits around the Mediterranean often seems to be to curl up with a good book. Perusing the Greek classics and pinpointing their references, Italian Entrepreneur Jean-Baptiste Serpieri in 1864 rediscovered the ancient mines of Laurium near Athens, from which the classical Athenians extracted their wealth and the lead needed to build their fleet. Geologist Charles Godfrey Gunther located copper on Cyprus by reading Latin manuscripts. The latest to cash in on the classics is a short, stocky Greek named Alexander Xenarios, who spent 30 years roaming Greece and making minor finds before he hit the jackpot: a deposit in northern Greece's Chalcidice district estimated to be able to yield 200,000 tons of copper and 60 tons of gold.

Xenarios, 57, made most of his earlier finds by reading the classics, including Demosthenes' orations and Aristotle, and listening to local folklore in his travels through Greece. Then he became fascinated by references to the Chalcidice peninsula in Strabo's *Geography*. He was primarily interested in the allusions to weapons, jewelry and coins made in the Chalcidice—and guessed that this indicated a sizable local lode of metal. He reasoned that much of the metal would still be in the earth, since the early Greeks had primitive mining machinery and thus could dig only shallow mines. Xenarios finally homed in on a region known as Skouries (meaning "deposits of rust") which had the typical copper field's tree-barran look. By careful exploration, he located the ancient mines.

Xenarios got some small financial backing from a friend to set up the Chalcidice Mining Co., received a grant for further explorations from the Greek government. Japan's Nippon Mining Co. joined up with the company for a \$350,000 exploration expedition, last week had a team of



XENARIOS AT PARTHENON
New profits from ancient texts.

Japanese experts working over the deposits. If the Japanese are satisfied by the find, they promise to put up \$3,000,000 to form a new company with Chalcidice Mining, buy the copper output and ship it to Japan. Xenarios confidently expects a top position in the new company for his long days of searching and his long nights of reading. "Ancient texts," he says, "are good for modern business."

BRITAIN

All for Lolly

Forbidden by a 131-year-old law known as the Truck Act from paying its workers in anything but "current coin of the realm," British industry every Friday has been forking over 15 million little brown packets of pounds, shillings and pence to 60% of the labor force. Friday evening, Mum gets her share. Friday night, pubs, cinemas and dog tracks get theirs. Saturday morning, tradesmen get theirs. Unfortunately, stick-up men usually take theirs early on Friday, and robbers in London alone last year made off with \$700,000 worth of lolly. Alarmed by the rising robbery rate throughout Britain, as bank trucks roam around with their cash loads, Parliament two years ago repealed the Truck Act, permitting firms to pay their workers by check. This month the change went into full effect—but those who counted on a dramatic change underestimated the power of habit in Britain.

British banks, notably the dominant Big Five, have long been exclusively middle- and upper-class institutions. Now anxious to woo the prospering workers, the banks welcomed a provision in the law that would allow workers to have their salaries credited directly to bank accounts. But they feared the prospect of everybody in Britain stampeding to the banks on Friday afternoon to cash their checks. "The banks would be overwhelmed if there were such a mad rush," says Barclays Bank Vice

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Chairman Ronald Thornton. Small tradesmen also disliked the idea of having to cash a flurry of checks, fear that they will become stick-up targets if forced to keep larger sums of cash on hand. Employers, too, were lukewarm to the whole idea, since writing out checks means more work making up payrolls.

None of them need have worried. Britain's workers, it turned out, did not cotton to the idea of receiving a mere slip of paper for a week's hard work. The worker must ask in writing to be paid by check before his little brown envelope can be discontinued. Apart from a small group of young workers who consider checks a new status symbol, few workers have signed up. Few wage earners in Britain have ever had checking accounts, and many do not fully understand just how they work; besides, the average worker has a prejudice against banks and likes the feel of his own cash. Said one South London housewife: "We have grown up counting our pennies and sorting everything out so we can see what we've got left." Another factor not so widely acknowledged is that many canny British workmen never tell their wives what they make, and would not like them to find out by reading the paycheck.

FRANCE

Sacrebleu!

For months, the rumors have been flying around Paris that the fashion house of Yves Saint-Laurent was being backed by Swiss interests. In France's most sacred national industry, that was bad enough, but it was nothing compared with the awful truth. Already irritated at the incursions of U.S. industry and investment into France, the French learned last week that Saint-Laurent's backer is none other than an American: J. Mack Robinson, 39, an Atlanta insurance executive (Delta Life). Robinson was the secret patron who supplied financial backing for Saint-Laurent to start a dress house of his own 16 months ago, and now owns 70% of the promising *haute couture* house.

Robinson, a reserved and soft-spoken fellow, started out far from fashion—as a car salesman—and later moved into life insurance and real estate. Searching for investments in Europe, he was introduced to young Saint-Laurent, who had been Christian Dior's heir apparent before he was called up by the French army and lost his position at the House of Dior to Marc Bohan. Stranded at 25, he was eager to design on his own. Robinson advanced him the funds, but has stayed out of the fitting rooms. "I am completely ignorant of fashion," he says. "but now I am having to learn something about it." The investment has worked well: the house of Saint-Laurent sold \$250,000 worth of this year's show to professional buyers and turned its first profit, is now licensing perfume, neckties and men's scarves. Why had Robinson kept his interest secret? Says he: "I felt that my being an American might not help Yves if it were known. People expect French fashion houses to be backed by the French."



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BOOKS

The Fools of History

ON REVOLUTION [343 pp.]—Hannah Arendt—Viking [\$6.50].

It used to be democratic dogma that revolutions were a good thing. "The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants," said Jefferson. But the tree of liberty has fared poorly in the blood baths of this century. The grim example of

rent rushing forward with elemental force and engulfing a whole world." When the torrent receded, the rocky economic facts remained.

Instead of deploring the loss of freedom in revolutionary France, Arendt points out, 19th century political theorists decided that even more terrorism was needed to "liberate" the masses. Marx declared that only violent revolution could free the poor from the yoke of the bourgeois oppressors; Hegel announced that violence was not to be shunned but to be welcomed as an inevitable part of the historical process. In their time, the Bolsheviks solemnly followed the instructions of these teachers down to the last detail, and produced the most ferocious revolution of all, in which the declared end—freedom—was completely swallowed up in the means—terrorism. The Russian revolutionaries considered themselves the agents of history and justified their brutality in the name of history. "There is some grandiose ludicrousness," she writes, "in the spectacle of these men—who had dared to defy all powers that be and to challenge all authorities on earth and whose courage was beyond the shadow of a doubt—submitting humbly and without so much as a cry of outrage to the call of historical necessity, no matter how foolish and incongruous the outward appearance of this necessity must have appeared to them . . . They were fooled by history and they have become the fools of history."

The Joy of Politics. Revolution was happily different in the U.S., writes Arendt, because America was free of the mass poverty that corrupted European revolutions. The Negro slaves, to be sure, were impoverished; but at that time they were not considered people and so aroused no compassion. "It is as though the American Revolution was achieved in a kind of ivory tower into which the fearful spectacle of human misery, the haunting voices of abject poverty, never penetrated." Without the masses running amuck in the streets, the Founding Fathers were able to concentrate brilliantly on political freedom and to establish it permanently.

Hannah Arendt is best as historical analyst; her discussion of revolution is occasionally worthy of the Founding Fathers themselves. But as political scientist, she suffers from creeping perfectionism. She complains that even the American Revolution ultimately failed because Americans lost interest in their political condition in order to pursue their private gain. As she sees it, the U.S. citizen has too much affluence and too little civic concern. People should be fully and joyously participating in politics, as the Greeks once did in their city-states or the early American colonists in their town meetings.

But Hannah Arendt's prescription for the good society is not very relevant to a mass society. At the time of the Ameri-

can Revolution, the U.S. population was 4,000,000, and the electorate a mere 6% of that. In today's complex industrial society, politics is a fulltime, demanding job. Most of the U.S.'s 187 million busy citizens are willing—and occasionally even grateful—to delegate day-to-day political decisions to the politicians, whom they can unseat at election time.

The American Revolution managed to establish and maintain a state of liberty in which a common citizen can usually make himself felt politically if he tries. Most revolutions, as Hannah Arendt points out, have not.

Anti-Worldly Loves

10:30 ON A SUMMER NIGHT (108 pp.)—Marguerite Duras—Grove [\$2.95].

In the anti-world of the so-called anti-novelists of France, the characters often seem to grope toward each other like blind men buffeted in a high wind. Time moves slowly, emotions are muted, action is rare. The prevailing mood is one of hopelessness in the face of conditions neither invited nor understood. One of the masters of the genre is Marguerite Duras, 48, whose novel *The Square* was a random dialogue between two strangers who meet in a park, talk endlessly and go their separate ways. Her present book has slightly more action, but it, too, is really a long



ALFRED BERENHEIM

HANNAH ARENDT

The means swallow up the end.

the Bolshevik and other revolutions has caused political theorists to take a second look at revolutions.

Political Philosopher Hannah Arendt, 56, concludes flatly that, when possible, they should be avoided. Violent change plows under more liberties than it produces. "We know to our sorrow," she states, "that freedom has been better preserved in countries where no revolution ever broke out, no matter how outrageous the circumstances of the powers that be, and that there exist more civil liberties even in countries where the revolution was defeated than in those where revolutions have been victorious."

The Need of Terror. Revolutions were usually begun for the right reason: to win political freedom. But they were soon sidetracked by trying to solve the social problem of mass poverty. Poverty, writes Arendt, cannot be eliminated by political upheaval; revolutionary get-rich-quick schemes are bound to founder. In the French Revolution, Robespierre's first efforts were directed toward curing the ills of the masses. When they failed, he turned in rage and frustration to terror—which also did not work. Robespierre was overwhelmed by the masses. "Where the breakdown of traditional authority set the poor of the earth on the march," writes Arendt, "where they left the obscurity of their misfortunes and streamed upon the market-place, their furor seemed as irresistible as the motion of the stars, a tor-



JEAN MARQUIS

MARGUERITE DURAS

The mood is hopelessness.

interior monologue that reads like a long sigh of regret.

A husband and wife, Pierre and Maria, are driving through Spain to Madrid, accompanied by a young girl, Claire, who is not yet Pierre's mistress but who plainly will be as soon as they can slip off to a hotel room. A violent thunderstorm forces them to stop for the night in a small town 150 miles short of Madrid. There they learn that a double murder has been committed; a young husband has found

his wife in bed with another man and in accordance with the local code of honor has shot them both.

At 10:30 that evening Maria, standing on a hotel balcony, sees her husband kiss Claire on another balcony and almost simultaneously spots the murderer crouched on a nearby roof. She gets the car out and smuggles the murderer out of town past the patrolling police. A few hours later, she takes Pierre and Claire back to the field where she had left him only to find he has committed suicide. Saddened that they were unable to save him, they drive on to Madrid.

Author Duras tells a story well—as she proved in the script for the film *Hiroshima Mon Amour*—and her eye and ear are unfailingly good. Precisely what they are telling her is another matter. 10:30 is a murky book, but in its anti-worldly way it seems to be saying that the two groups of people—the three travelers on the one hand, the murderer and his two victims on the other—are equally inadequate and equally doomed. Both Maria and Pierre admire the murderer for the reckless fury of his act (“We could have arranged a good life for him,” says Maria, “and perhaps I would have loved him”), but he lies dead in a field. Maria and Pierre want to love one another, but their torpor is as fatal to love as the murderer’s angry bullet. At the hotel in Madrid, Maria lies wrapped in “the odor of their dying love,” listening to the sounds from the adjoining room as Claire prepares to receive Pierre in a love equally doomed to dissolution.

A Salute to Gertrude Stein

WHAT IS REMEMBERED (186 pp.)—Alice B. Toklas—Holt, Rinehart & Winston (\$4).

“About six weeks ago Gertrude Stein said, it does not look to me as if you were ever going to write that autobiography. You know what I am going to do. I am going to write it for you. I am going to write it as simply as Defoe did the autobiography of Robinson Crusoe.” In six weeks Gertrude completed *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*. It had almost nothing to say about its subject and a great deal to say about Gertrude Stein, but at least it was intelligible; when it appeared 30 years ago, it became a surprise bestseller and gave its author the fame she had always wanted. Now, 17 years after Stein’s death, Alice B. Toklas has at last written her own autobiography with her own hand. Predictably but a little pathetically, it reads like Gertrude Stein.

Author Toklas, who is now 85, and still living in Paris, grew up in “necessary luxury” in a wealthy Jewish family in San Francisco. She dabbled in the arts, and for a time considered a career as a concert pianist. But in her late 20s, she met Michael Stein, older brother of Gertrude, and swiftly learned from him about cultural activity in Paris; she sailed for France in 1907. Within a few days of her



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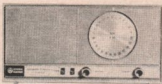


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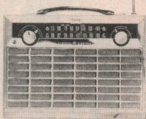
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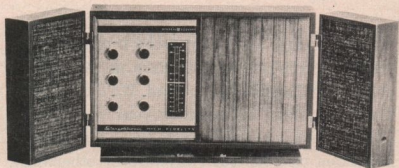
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arrival in Paris she met Gertrude and knew immediately that she was in the presence of a genius.

That estimate survived through the 39 years she was with Gertrude and has endured the "empty" years since her death. While Gertrude wrote and talked, Alice ran the household, typed the manuscripts, cared for the dogs, screened the visitors and tended the vegetable gardens that they planted almost anywhere the two of them lived. She knitted the shapeless woolen garments and heavy woolen stockings Gertrude favored. She seems, in fact, to have disappeared virtually without a trace into Gertrude Stein's life. The reader never learns, for instance, what became of her father (her mother died when she



DETWEARD ARCHIVE

TOKLAS & STEIN (IN THE '20S)
A strange face in the mirror.

was young) or her younger brother. After her departure from San Francisco back in 1907, she returned only once—and that was with Gertrude Stein on a lecture tour in 1935.

There is much of the comings and goings of the devoted admirers—Braque, Virgil Thomson, Lytton Strachey, Edith Sitwell, Ezra Pound, Ford Madox Ford and, of course, the young Hemingway—who sat in the atelier at 27 Rue de Fleurus reverently listening to the voice that Alice Toklas can still plainly hear—"deep, full, velvety like a great contralto's." She heard it last in a hospital room shortly before Gertrude was wheeled away for an operation that she did not survive: "By this time Gertrude Stein was in a sad state of indecision and worry. I sat next to her and she said to me early in the afternoon, what is the answer? I was silent. In that case, she said, what is the question?"

Alice Toklas did not know. *What Is Remembered* is the sad, slight book of a woman who all her life has looked in a mirror and seen somebody else.



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CINEMA

Sneaky Pete & Co.

The **Wrong Arm of the Law**. The Sellers Syndicate, as students of cinema crime are well aware, long since wrested control of London's underworld from the Laven-der Hill Mob. Smart Alec Guinness went south for his health, and a report from Arabia indicates that he has moved in on the territory of the Turk. Now it is Sneaky Pete Sellers' turn to meet some cheeky competition. In this cops-and-robbers comedy from Britain, some unspeakable gorillas from Australia put the muscle on the great man, and he is not one bloody little bit amused.

Fortunately, the customers are, or sometimes are. Who wouldn't be amused at the sight of Funnyman Sellers flitting into a jewelry store disguised as Monsieur Jules, the famous French couturier. As the jeweler dials the combination of his safe, Monsieur makes movies of the process with a hidden camera, and all the while permits a hilariously snaky little smile to slither through his indistinct mustache. A few days later Sellers holds a private screening for some of the boys. "That's all for today," he says briskly as the show concludes. "Nex' week we'll ave a proqram uv eddikyional an' tryn' films, startin' wiv *Riff* an' followed by a discussion uv what we've learned. But first—gaow in an' get them jools!"

The boys go in, all right, but when they try to come out they are met by an officer of the law who herds them to a police car. The officer—what's this! The officer ignores his prisoners, grabs the jewels, scats.

He's an Australian bouncer dressed up like a British bobby, and so are the other members of the I.P.O. (Impersonating Police Officers) Gang. In one week

alone they pluck six plums off Sellers' thumb, and by week's end the poor punk is driven to a desperate remedy: set a cop to catch a cop. Unfortunately, Inspector Fred ("Nosy") Parker (Lionel Jeffries), who qualifies handsily as the stupidest flat-foot seen on screen since Edgar Kennedy turned in his badge, couldn't catch a hang-nail in a square mile of linsey-woolsey.

In a script that runs more to whimsy than to wit, the inspector is given most of the good lines. "A Boche!" he bellows indignantly when Sellers, setting a trap for the I.P.O. Gang, suggests a German safe-cracker for a £250,000 bank robbery. "See 'ere, cahn't we give this job to a British lad?" But Sneaky Pete has the sneakiest line in the show. Preoccupied with his problems, he waffles into his flat one evening and whoops absent-mindedly for his mistress:

"Where ah you, dahling?"

"I'm in the showah."

"Mm. Anyone with you?"

Buffalorama

How the West Was Won. Cinerama, that megalomaniacal miracle, has come a long way since it took theater audiences over the top on its initial roller-coaster ride in 1952 and infected the nation's shopkeepers with an "o-rama" syndrome. Having won its spurs at Angkor Wat, it now tries an epic with a plot. No other screen could contain all the bang-banging, choo-chooing, galloping, whooping and thundering that three directors (Henry Hathaway, John Ford and George Marshall), 13 stars, ten co-stars, 12,000 extras, and 1,000 buffaloes have done in *How the West Was Won*. Even the troublesome match-lines where the images from three projectors come together—the process's persistent defect—have been masked by photographers clever at lining up the joinings with telegraph poles, cabin corners and lonesome pines.

In a three-generation nutshell, *West* follows the Prescott family West. They set out as sodbusters in 1839, marry, multiply, get killed off along the way in drownings, fights, and wars, until at the end the only Prescott left is an octogenarian Debbie Reynolds. Many of the juiciest roles are just a drop in the Cinerama bucket. Thelma Ritter is a snappish delight as a man-hungry wagon woman. Walter Brennan is deliciously vile as a river pirate who uses his vamp-eyed daughter (Starlet Brigid Bazlen) as bait to lure fur-laden Trapper Jimmy Stewart to a temporary downfall at the bottom of a cave. Raymond Massey is, for what seems like the four-score-and-tenth time, Abraham Lincoln. Gregory Peck is a tin-horn gambler, Robert Preston a roaring wagon master, Henry Fonda a walrus-mustached buffalo hunter.

West has as many spectacles as stars, and some of them are lollapaloozas:

► An avalanche of buffaloes comes pounding down on a railroad camp. Cinerama's seven-channel stereophonic speaker



WALTER DARR

DEBBIE REYNOLDS IN "WEST"

Look what they won.

system takes over with an earthquake rumble that sweeps through the theater and seems to shake the balcony from its moorings. Cameras in pits recorded the scene, and the results include a moment of pure impressionist cinematography: the huge screen goes black except for a dancing fringe of buffalo hoofs silhouetted along the bottom.

► When the raft carrying the Prescotts downriver hits the rapids, the screen is awash with churning water, boiling spray. Faster and faster it goes, swooping like a surfboard, with all hands trying vainly to keep trunks, kettles, tent, and a sick boy from flying into the foam as the raft begins to break apart.

► Instead of the usual deserted Main Street setting, *West's* showdown shooting match takes place on a careening runaway train loaded with gold, bandits and George Peppard. When the whole thing cracks up at the end of the scene in a magnificent mélange of flying bodies, hurtling timbers, exploding machinery and snapping chains, the audience's wet palms explode in a burst of spontaneous applause.

► The viewer is stereophonically there at the Battle of Shiloh, with charging infantry, rearing horses, rumbling guns. Afterward, Peppard, thirsty, dazed and lost, is drinking water from a stream when he encounters a grizzled young Rebel (Russ Tamblyn). "Tastes funny?" asks Tamblyn slyly. Just then a rocket flash reveals the reason: the water is pink with blood.

As a final, visual commentary of its own, *West* offers an air view, not through an eagle's eye but a helicopter's, of what the winners won. Looking directly down on a field of Los Angeles cloverleafs, with speeding cars darting 30 ways into the smog, the camera asks a searching, unanswered question. Then the screen is filled with the silver-blue Pacific, there being no more West to win.



SELLERS IN "WRONG ARM"
"Gaow in an' get them jools!"

London Hilton opens

(SEE BACK COVER)



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East Meets East

A Girl Named Tamiko is a Panavision melting pot. British Actor Laurence Harvey, who was born in Lithuania, plays a half-Russian, half-Chinese photographer in Tokyo who wants to go to the U.S. France Nuyen, who was born in Marseille of a French mother and a Chinese father, plays Tamiko, a highborn Japanese girl who wants Harvey. Martha Hyer, who is as American as a milk-lined raincoat in July, also wants Harvey, and so does Miyoshi Umeki, an honest-to-Buddha Japanese, who plays a Ginza B-girl.

Surprisingly enough, beneath all the sukiyaki, Producer Hal Wallis has put together an entertaining little picture; the neon wetness of Tokyo streets and the misty watercolors of the countryside in the exterior shots lend a much needed



FRANCE NUEN IN "TAMIKO"
Beneath the sukiyaki, a twist.

credibility to the convolutions of the plot. Harvey wants a visa to the U.S. Hyer, as a receptionist at the U.S. embassy, is willing to expedite it, provided he comes to terms, her terms. Nuyen counters by finding work for him in Japan to prove that despite his Sino-Russian origins and his British accent, he has a future there. Hyer ripostes with a hot scene in Harvey's red-lit dark room: "Have you ever had a white girl?" And it looks as if the West has won.

France Nuyen makes one last try. It involves a weekend at Lake Biwa, a sort of Nipponese Grossinger's, where she has arranged for Harvey to shoot some pictures. With the rain pelting on the roof of the bungalow, she serves dinner on the floor, lets down her hair, and the background music comes to a crescendo. (The theme, mystifyingly, seems to be something that Composer Elmer Bernstein remembered from Composer Leonard Bernstein's *West Side Story*.)

Tamiko, while obviously oriented toward afternoon audiences, occasionally manages to give an up-to-date twist to a story that was old when David Belasco wrote *Madame Butterfly*.

NEW



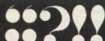
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